XXX Spanish

Subject--Spanish
Born-- Sevilla,Spain
California 1851 to date.

A. A. Andersen
698 Bush Street-

It was a great day for Luis . Seville,city of wonders, was in holiday attire. Today was the great fiesta·All day long bands had played and all day long the Sevillians,noble and peasant alike, had been in exultation. At the great bull fight, an arena classic at which were also to be announced the winning numbers in the grand national lottery which a tottering monarchy had promoted to pay off a hungry army,Luis Navarro, eldest of a family of five children of Luis the Don, was among the first to arrive.

Luis came with high hopes . Not only was it his 17 th birthday,but on the outcome of today's drawing hung his entire future. Had he but known-- on the outcome of that drawing hung the fate of many generations in a new world and also no small part in the making of history in California,far beyond the seas. Now,75years later, to that supine gesture of a declining monarch,because lottery fortune favored Luis,at least eight families in California,three of these in San Francisco,and their progeny can trace their success and happiness.

Luis Navarro, 17, left that bull fight a man. First-born , as was the custom in his country,he was now free to make his own way. So the following day, Aug. 18,1850, he departed to seek his career. Tearfully his family saw him leave, as with his little fortune in his sea chest,he signed on as a common sailor on a ship which was setting out on the perilous voyage to America . Hope predominated over despair as he watched for the last time the receding shores of his fatherland, but there was little time for retrospection--already his duties before the mast summoned him.

There followed five months of amazing adventures for a boy of his years. Days fraught with dangers, tense excitement, tempestuous storms,terrific seas,weeks of calm,close escapes from

privateers and piratical craft, hazardous navigating around Cape Horn-- until one day Monterey-- California sunshine and the land of dreams ! It was the end of a fascinating voyage and the beginning of a career.

Today, should you chance to make the acquaintance of Luis and his good wife Maria, he would spin you countless yarns. He would invite you to join his family circle before his comfortable fireplace in his home of nearly a half century, down Stockton way . He would take you over his vineyards and perhaps show you the pictures of his eight daughters and 23 grandchildren. For Grandpere Luis, as he will now tell you, is in the evening of his lifetime.

Robust, sprightly, and keen man of bussiness that he still is, he boasts of his 92 years as his 85 year old life mate, charming in her worshipful way, nods in contentment. He talks of the old days and marvels at the new . Depressions do not worry him , he looks beyond them-- has seen several come and go. He drives his own automobile. His telephone is now an indispensible adjunct to his home and business life. He enjoys his radio and his wife her electric range and household equipment.

" There's only one slight disappointment," he volunteers." Eight beautiful children, all of them happy, well married and dutiful--yet not one a son. But that I had a son who could carry on the family name! Sons-in-law--- Yes, thank God! Every one of them like a son to me-- and grandsons in which I can see myself in the far distant past-- yet I would have liked to have a boy of my own! But we can't have everything in this world , not even in California . I shall die happy and content, though I expect to pass the century mark. I am healthy , happy and busy, so what more could one ask?

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He was married in 1868 to a girl of his worshiped fatherland. From that time on he rapidly became one of the solid men of his community. Political, financial and social affairs revolved around his casa. He was instrumental in bringing public schools and educational advantages to his children and to those of his neighbors. He was frequently seen in Sacramento where his words carried weight and wisdom.

Modest to a degree, and of a retiring disposition when it came to seeking office , his political activities were carried on mainly from 'behind the scenes.' " I had not the time," he apologizes, and there were many other men in California in those days who had political ambitions and yet were honest and trustworthy. We old-time ranchers and vineyardists gave freely of council and advice. It was for others to carry out our projects So,you see,our government in those days was fairly representative . Many a meeting was held in my casa and frequently there were spirited arguments. But our differences of opinion-- most of them were brought to harmonious accord over our winecups and there was usually agreement without rancor."

Now Luis has a son-in-law in the legislature at Sacramento,-- not beyond coming to him for advice.Another is an officer in a San Francisco bank. Two others are businessmen in San Francisco and the Bay Area. Three are now identified with the winery which Luis founded in the early days of California, and two are in business in the southern part of the state . All have prospered and it is a great day for Luis and his family, now more than two score, when in the

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holiday season , all trek back to the old casa up Stockton way,for a reunion with the old folks at home Then again there is fiesta !

And during the merrymaking,often is related the story of that other fiesta in old Seville, away back in August,1850, when the fortunate drawing of a lottery prize sent Luis to the New World -- to a sunnier clime and the Land of Opportunity.

----0----

A.

Nationality------Spanish
Birthplace-------Spain
Yrs. in U.S.-----6
Sex----------Male
Age----------~~35~~ 30
Size of family---3

Home Surroundings

House----------4 rooms
No. Occupants----7 (two families)

Two families live in this house. Each sleeps with a young child in their room. The daughter of the other family sleeps on a couch in the room used for general living, including eating. This main room contains a dining room table, about six chairs, one wooden rocker, a small table with the radio setting on it. There are various family photographs nailed on the walls, together with pictures cut from calendars and magazines. The floor is covered with a drab, worn carpet. In one corner of the room is a wood stove. Above it there is a piece of string crossing the corner, obviously for drying clothes.

Life History

This man came to the Hawaiian Islands 17 years ago and from there to the U.S. 6½ yrs. ago. He has practically no schooling; learned to read Spanish from his parents, and picked up English in the States. His English is grammatically almost correct and his accent does not interfere with one's comprehending his meaning.

He has no trade. He has been working since about 9 years. He started in the pineapple fields helping his father and mother. He worked in the sugar cane fields until about 14, then in the sugar mills, then in the pineapple canneries.

He entered the Navy at about 18 and during his travels he began to compare his own lot of those whom he met in other countries. The States seemed to offer more of a future than other countries and he came to California when he got his discharge.

Since he has been in California he has been a migratory worker, following the crops from county to county and during the summers he works in canneries. Two years ago he bought a small home in Mountain View, hopin to settle there. Last year he became involved in a strike in the peach orchards and due to his leading activity he has been black-balled and can no longer find employment there. He was also denied relief because of his union affiliations.

At the present time he is working in a fruit cannery and plans to work in a fish cannery in the winter.

Cultural Activity

He reads trade union literature, and the revolutionary papers although he takes no active part in his union at the present time. He claims that his wife nags him because she is afraid. He prefers lectures to movies but goes to them

because his wife wants him to. He says that he doesn't like to play cards or drink but would rather work in his union but since he is not a citizen he will be deported and he has a wife and a young child.

He not only lives very simply but dresses very simply. Neither he nor his wife is interested primarily in clothes or dances and cannot have these things because they are constantly preoccupied with the problem of making a living.

Family Relations

He gets along well with his wife. When he doesn't take her to a movie he goes by himself wherever he chooses. His attitude toward her is obviosly condescending both because she is his woman and because she has no "courage". This apparently does not bother her. She considers it alright for him to do whatever he chooses, including drinking, but puts her foot down on the question of union activity.

She goes to church once in a while but her husband never goes with her.

Nationality.....Spanish
Birthplace.....United States
Sex.....Female
Age.....21
Size of family..3

Home Surroundings

4 room house
3 occupants

The husband and wife and their three year old child live together. The living room is neat. The walls are covered with guady paper and are hung with ~~many~~ ~~pictures~~ ~~cheap~~ colored pictures. Two pictures are still lives, and one is a colored photograph of a lake, trees, and a couple in a semi-embrace. Her wedding picture is on a table with a bowl of artificial flowers. The conventional three-piece living room set is covered with a ~~drab~~ ~~up~~ faded pink design.. There is a small radio on a table and a rug on the floor. There are a few ~~colored~~ bright pillows, a couple of movie magazines, and a Western Story magazine on the davenport.

Economic Situation

Both the husband and wife work. The man is a mechanic and has a steady job in a can factory. The wife works in the cannaries during the summer. He makes ~~$~~$13.50 a week and she makes anywhere from $7.00 to $18.00 a week when she works.

Life History

She was born in California. She is the fifth of fourteen children. She was raised in Monterey. She went to school until she was nine. When nine she was taken out of school and began to work along side her parents in the fields. Her parents made their home in Monterey and worked in the fields, in the fish, fruit, and vegetable cannaries.

~~She was married at the age of 17 and has three year old child~~

At eleven she started working in the cannaries and ~~was~~ ~~b~~ until she got married, at 17, she worked practically the whole year. Now that her husband has a steady job she lives in Oakland and only works from about March until November.

She is about 4~~8~~ 8" in height and looks asthough her growth was stunted. She says that the rest of her family is normal height. When she works she has to stand on a box in order to reach the ~~fruit~~ sinks.

She says that her child was born a year after she was marries but "now I got smart".

Family Relations

She doesn't quarrel with her husband because he is very good to her. He doesn't beat her as her sister's husband does. She hopes that mabe someday she won't have to work so hard, because her husband doesn't want her to. He helps her do the house work when she works and never leaves her alone at night.

(cont)

Cultural Activity

She used to dance before she got married but doesn't go to dances very often now. Most of the time she is too tired. She goes to a movie once or twice a week. She reads very little. Her husband buys the magazines and she likes to look at the pictures.

Both she and her husband drink a lot but never get drunk except when they go to parties or weddings.

She goes to church, Roman Catholic, every Sunday except when she goes to her mothers, works, or is too tired.

Her husband doesn't care much about church but he goes when she asks him to.

[illegible]

[illegible] subject of this narrative was [illegible] in Madrid, Spain. After attending [illegible] school he entered the University of Madrid [illegible] graduated majoring in economics.

When he graduated ~~[illegible]~~ his father obtained a position for him in the house of [illegible] & Company, largest exporting and importing firms in Spain. After a year with this firm he was sent to [illegible] London, England. In the meantime he had become a certified public accountant and after working with the bank for about a year and a half he was sent [illegible] Montreal. While there, he was sent out on the road to various lumber companies to check up their accounts. He said this was very different from anything he had ever experienced. Having been brought up in large cities with all the comforts and [illegible], he now had to drop

a team through the forests, high up in the Cortenéé Mountains, many times through snow and at times he would have to ride the horse across swollen streams. This experience was wonderful and in the vigor of his youth he did not consider it a hardship, but an experience ~~about~~ which he remembers with great pleasure. Nevertheless he thought one winter of this was enough and decided to move south into the United States. He went to Washington, D.C. and after a few days at the Capitol, he decided to go west and came to San Francisco, where he presented himself with letters to the accounting firm of Green, Goode & Company, with whom he remained four years, until he reached the rank next to the senior accountant. At this time he was offered what he thought to be an excellent opportunity to better himself, a position as accountant with a large manufacturing firm at $500 a month. He was not there long before he realized that there was internal ~~decision~~

in the office and that a certain lady holding an influencial position was not to be questioned regarding her accounts. This placed him in an embarrassing position, ~~which~~ caused him to resign after eight months.

By accepting this position he lost the seniority in the accounting firm and, not wanting to go back as junior, he never applied for reinstatement. Had it not been for this change he would no doubt to-day be the senior accountant of the firm.

He ~~had~~ married a San Francisco girl in 1914 and although he had expected to go back once more to the land of his birth, the depression ~~has~~ prevented him, ~~but~~ last year, he received word of the death of his mother and has lost all desire to return.

~~Due~~ to the loss of hundreds of thousands of incomes during this depression, it has seriously affected ~~the accountants~~ and he found himself in a position similar to most of us. ~~but~~ Fortunately, he was able to obtain an excellent position with the F. F. F. - checking grain dealers and flour mills, in which position he hopes to remain until the "New Deal" gets the country back on its feet again.

A. J. Zwolg.

Sept 24, 1934.

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Autobiography of Ramon, born near Malaga in Southern Spain

My earliest recollection is of wandering thru beautiful lanes and green meadows with my mother. We were very happy and I often wished my father would go away and not come back to us. He was a cruel ignorant man happy only when making my mother and unhappy.

My mother was gentle and good and of better family than my father. My father often bragged that he got her because he had money to give her father when her father was in trouble. I know nothing of that.

My father often beat my mother with a whip having a short stock and a long lash. He beat me also until I was able to keep out of his way. He was very dark and, I believe, had Moorish blood.

My father was continually in trouble with the authorities and, after a serious offense, left

the country.

We went to California and settled in a small mountain town where we could have been happy but my father would not work so we were often in great need of even food.

During our second year in California my mother died. I shall always think it was ~~on account~~ because of insufficient food. I was then 8 years old and continued on in school where I was made very unhappy ~~on account~~ of my unthrift appearance. My clothes soon became dirty and ragged and I was too small to know the importance of washing. On my first refusal to go to school my father, on horseback, dashed after me and lashed with the bull whip mentioned previously. An American girl of about 14 took me under her protection and defied my father to touch me again. She also protected me from older boys and thru her kindness to me brought happiness into my life and made me understand that there was much good in the world. I called her my 'little mother'.

My father was interested in the Mexican situation of which he heard from others, almost as ignorant as himself, tho able to read the papers.

When I had finished the 5th grade he took me to Mexico where he wished me to use my 'education' to further his interest with the outlaws. It was a great disappointment to him. My nature, like my mother's, was mild and gentle. I knew of no reason why I should injure anyone who had done me no harm.

I was left to guard prisoners taken in a raid and, having seen the injustice of ill-treating these innocent people, just walked away and left them. The prisoners followed me ~~to~~ remaining there meant death or torture.

On reaching the border after several days of travel by night and hiding by day we separated, most of the party remaining in Mexico while I, with a few others, made ~~our~~ way into Texas.

My father had been killed in a brawl with associates so there was nothing ~~more~~ to do but go my way and live as I wished.

I travelled north on foot and by beating my way. I did some work on the way in gardens and

fortunes in California.

For a number of days, after arriving in San Francisco we rested as we needed rest badly.

Joseph and I decided to go into the draying business which we did for a short time. But the call to the mines and easy fortune was too great so we decided to try our luck. We found that comparatively few were successful and after trying for some time and meeting only disappointment we returned to S.F.

Josephs brother, established there there in the butcher business advised mining buying and selling stock which we did with much success.

We would travel south by horse till we had located enough defaulters to make a fair sized herd, then start back picking up on our way stock we had bargained for previously.

We travelled by easy stages and had no trouble except crossing the desert, the country that is now so prosperous under irrigation. Tehachapi, Bakersfield and surrounding town are located there. At that time it was a wide expanse of sand with no water. The stock suffered but we lost comparatively few. On our first trip we

did not take sufficient water for our needs and the Mexicans employed by us ~~with~~ had no ~~they~~ Mexican except the freedom movement took, none. Our suffering was terrible and one Mexican died. I can never forget the swollen tongues and cracked skin of hands and face. It was not a pretty sight but we were all in the same condition. We had learned our lesson, a very bitter one.

We ~~we~~ were eager to see more country so on our third trip we went into Mexico where I met the girl I later married.

Her mother, a woman of very fine character, was a direct descendant of the Aztecs. She had married a Spanish gentleman so my wife had the character-istics of both my race and her mother's though in appearance she was like many Spanish girls I have known in Spain.

She was fairly well educated and spoke English and Spanish well. Her mother spoke only the Indian tongue and Spanish.

Joseph seeing our happiness decided to embrace a young woman for had very greatly attributed to. We thought it best to enter a more permanent business as the buying & selling of cattle kept us from our homes. That meant a great deal now as we were each a happy father and felt we must establish

houses and become substantial citizens of our adopted country. We had by this time become naturalized.

Joseph acquired a stock farm adjacent to the small town in a county in the mining district and for many years raised sheep, cattle and horses.

I bought a butcher shop in the town near my friend's home and supplied the people of the community with meat etc. and sent out wagons three times a week throughout the surrounding district.

I prospered and as I grew older aged my body could endure no more, I entered politics, being honored several times with public office.

I never saw Spain again nor any of my relatives after we were in communication. Later my two daughters visited my family in Spain where they were much admired and had a happy visit.

My good friend Joseph learned from me to speak a pure Spanish, tho with a better accent than mine and my

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Glazier (visitor)
Family - Chilean
4 children -
Residence —
West Oakland.

The following paper covers some four generations. The 1st: that of the Great-grandfather & his family. He was born in Southern Spain in the province of Andalusia about 1800. From what I found from his father had a ranch of fruit & grapes. About 1805 The family came in an immigrant ship to Chile where they settled at San Felipe 30 miles north of Santiago - land was free to Spanish subjects who would agree to form & improve it. In the early 1820's, when all of S. America was in revolt against the Spanish Crown, the boy, now old enough to fight in the army joined the forces of the revolutionaries under the combined command of the English General from Argentina. - He had a brother who fought in the same service & was killed. In 1831 when some semblance of peace reigned and the small republic had embarked on its own stormy career of self-government, the boy settled down not far from his father's place on a ranch, with his new bride and made his home. Two children were born to them in the course of the following four years, one a girl and the other a boy, born about 1835. He worked around home until he was 16, set out on a sailing vessel for Argentina where he planned to get himself a suitable ranch - go into the sheep business. He went to work in a store at Rosario as a delivery hand in the Spring of 1852, worked here for about a year, left for a ranch job outside the town where he worked in the alfalfa hay.

He worked on this ranch until 1858 when he set out on a venture of his own. Land was cheap so he bought up 160 acres, rented more + later ran as he needed it. Alfalfa seed was bringing a good price at this time so he plowed most of his land with alfalfa for a seed harvest, established himself in the countryside.

In 1861 he met and married the daughter of an Argentine farmer, a neighbor of his, and their 5 sons followed in quick succession. We follow the story of the family thru the first born (1862). The raising of alfalfa for seed went on for some 3 years - over an acreage of ½ section when the land lost much of its soil content and was pastured with sheep. - Another ½ section was planted to alfalfa (virgin land) for seed purposes when the price of seed began to drop and the crop then was cut for hay for the sheep and then the stubble was pastured. In the spring of the following year the sheep were sold to an agent from Buenos Aires. The ranch was sold, and the family drove to Rosario where they boarded a river steamer for B.-A. In 1865 the family of 5 (3 children) set out for their home country, Chile, where mines in the mining industry and in the nitrates was gaining headway. The boy, now a man of 30 years, had saved enough to buy a farm farther north than San Felipe, where he could raise not only fruits, but alfalfa as well. - The agriculture of Chile had not yet gained any amount of headway and opportunities were open to

anyone who knew but a few essentials of farming — especially since the country was bare of alfalfa farms, a market for seed was sought to be found. Gambling swindling and bribery constituted the active capital of the political life of the country at this time; and though the family had no political affiliations the effects of governmental corruptions could be felt through the countryside. The first born, a boy (1861) worked on the ranch as soon as he was old enough to hoe in the grapes, remained until he was 16, having had a couple of years in grade school. He did not have to leave the ranch at this early age, but the lure of adventure seized the youth and the demand for labour was bringing a fair wage in the nitrate lands in the province of Antofagasta. In 1877 he set out by boat with a cargo of workmen for the north of Chile, worked there 3 years, moved on over to Atacama and the scene of large mining operations, got a job in the mines where he worked for a steady period of 10 years. In 1885 he returned home to visit his parents, met his wife & married here. Returned to Atacama ~~with her~~. Their only child was born here a year later 1886. Most of the copper was going to the U.S. and Europe, principally England and Germany.

He worked in the mines the first four years of his stay here, the last six in the smelter. By the end of the sixth year he was in poor health from his breathing of the copper fumes. He did not quit because of poor health, however, but because of a slump in the copper market. He kept here, returned to the nitrate fields where he worked for about a year. In 1891, with but barely enough ~~to return to~~ San-tiago ~~on~~, he ~~did so~~, finding passage on a small sailing vessel owned by a group of merchants in Santiago - which delivered merchandise & groceries to the stores in an Argentine port. He tried to get a job on this boat, but did not succeed. He joined his father and mother, and one sister who was living at home, on their ranch north of San Felipe. The ~~grand~~father who was now getting along in years, advised the son to stay on the ranch, take it over when he passed away. His younger brother had gone to the Argentine, was living on a ranch out of B. A. The boy decided to do this, remained on the ranch. ~~till 1910~~. His father died in 1902. His son, born in North Chile in 1886 - was permitted at least a grammar school education. When he finished grade school, he was avail

13 years old. He worked on the ranch for five years, doing much of the chore work around a dairy which his dad had started. His father's tales of life in the mines stirred him to adventure. He set out for Antofagasta in 1902 after the death of his grandfather. The boat he was on was hit by a storm and wrecked ashore, the crew taking refuge in the life boats. All survived. This was near Coquimbo. He stayed here two months found a ship bound for Santiago & returned home. Six months later, in 1903 he set out again for the mines, reached there successfully this time, worked in the smelter until 1905, put out to sea on a tramp steamer for the U.S. He landed at Acapulco, Mexico, found the mines active in Guadalajara and Zacatecas. He worked in a mine in the State of Guadalajara for a year. When better conditions caused him to leave for the Zacatecas area and the scenery the large silver mines. He worked here until 1914 when he was laid off. He married a Mexican girl from Mexico City in 1911. Four children were born to them. He worked here in the smelter also. In 1914, after his lay-off at the Zacatecas mines, he

traveled with his wife and family up thru Monterrey to El Paso, with a team of horses and a wagon. He worked a season in El Paso picking cotton, moved on over into Arizona, stopping at the mines in Miami, Arizona. He worked here until 1925, moved to Superior, Arizona worked until the lay-off in 1929. In Miami he worked in the smelter; in Superior he worked in the mine. Shoveling ore. He tried working in the fields near Phoenix but the summers were too hot for him. He traveled by truck this time. From Phoenix he came direct to Los Angeles, worked 3 months in an iron foundry, got layed off, moved to Oakland. For 6 months he had nothing to do. In Sept. 1931 he went to work for the Jackson Iron works. ~~in the yards~~ He stayed here nearly a year. He has been doing odd jobs since then. Recently he went to work for the SERA on Road Construction. His father is still living on the ranch in Chile. The four children live at home.

A. L. was born in Barcelona, Spain the daughter of a merchant. When 10 years old her father sold his business and moved to Cuba where he went into business again. He did not do well and after two years he sold his business and moved to New York City. He settled in Harlem in the Spanish section. Here the family ran into financial difficulties. In order to make ends meet work in a laundry. The father became a peddler cart merchant. He didn't make much but with the $11.00 a week his daughter received from the laundry and the $8 to $12 he made with his push cart they were able to exist. They lived in a cold water tenement. She says that this is one of the worst kind of tenement conditions.

When she was eighteen she entered New York University. For three years the family struggled on trying to give her an education but in the winter of 1921-22 her father got a severe cold from being out in the snow and cold and died of pneumonia.

Her ended college as her sister did not earn enough ($11.00 per week) to support the family of seven.

A. L. finally went to work in the laundry with her sister. She worked here for two years when she met her future husband.

In 1924 they were married. In a few months they moved into the Bronx and life became a little pleasanter. Her husband was a clerk in a silk house and made sufficient to support them in a nice apartment. In 1925 the first son was born and a year later the second son.

Things went well until 1929 when her husband was killed in an auto wreck. This left her with two small children to support. The $2000 insurance didn't last long. But before it was gone she decided to come to Oakland and stay with me & her brothers. Here she secured a job in a laundry. She worked there steady for four years. Since then the work has not been steady. She is now working in a cannery.

M. J. Kempton

Gladys Pittman

CHURCH HOLIDAYS

The Spanish-speaking people in San Francisco, immigrants of Central and South America, Mexico and Spain, for the most part observe the same church holidays, each colony group differing only slightly in its form of celebration.

The following is a calendar list of public holidays of the countries in question:

Jan.	1	New Year's day	All groups
	6	Epiphany	Argentineans Guatemalans
	9	National holiday	Hondurans
Feb.	1	Inauguration day	Hondurans
	1	Day of the Mother	Salvadorians
March	1	Civic holiday (every 4 years when the president is elected)	Salvadorians
	1	National Defense day	Paraguayans
	3	San Blas	Paraguayans
	3	Festival of Los Arboles	Salvadorians
	19	St. Joseph's	Argentineans, Guatemalans
	19	Annual holiday	Cubans
	25	Independence day	Argentineans
April	11	Battle of Rivas	Cubans
	14	Pan-American day	Guatemalans
	19	First movement for Independence	Venezuelans
May	1	Opening of Congress	Cubans
	1	Labor day	Ecuadorians, Paraguayans
	1 & 5		Mexicans
	14	Independence day	Paraguayans
	21	Navy day	Chileans
	24	Battle of Pichinchas	Ecuadorians

June	5	Liberal Party Anniversary	Ecuadorians
	22	Day of the Martyr	Salvadorians
	24	Battle of Carabobo	Venezuelans
	29	Sts. Peter & Paul	Argentineans, Chileans, Guatemalans
	30	Anniversary of 1871 Revolution	Guatemalans
	30	Banks only	Mexicans
July	1	Central American Independence	Salvadorians
	4	American Independence day	Guatemalans, Nicaraguans
	5	Independence day	Venezuelans
	9	Proclamation of Independence	Argentineans
	14	Fall of the Bastille	Guatemalans, Hondurans
	24	Bolivar day	Venezuelans
Aug.	15	Assumption of Our Lady	Argentineans, Chileans, Cubans, Guatemalans
	15	Founding of the City (1536)	Paraguayans
	10	Independence of Quito; opening of Congress	Ecuadorians
	30	St. Rosa de Lima	Argentineans
Sept.	15	Independence day	Cubans, Guatemalans, Salvadorians, Hondurans
	16	All Saints	Mexicans
	18	Independence day	Chileans
	19	Army day	Chileans
Oct.	3	Francisco Moragan	Hondurans
	9	Independence of Guayaquil	Ecuadorians
	12	Discovery of America	Argentineans, Chileans, Cubans, Guatemalans, Paraguayans, Hondurans
	12	Feast of the Rose	Salvadorians
Nov.	1	All Saints' Day	Chileans, Guatemalans
	5	Anniversary of Independence of San Salvador from Central America	Salvadorians
	11	St. Martin, patron saint of B.A.	Argentineans
	25	Adoption of Constitution	Paraguayans

Dec.	8	Immaculate Conception	Chileans, Cubans, Guatemalans, Paraguayans,
	12	All Souls' Day	Mexicans
	19	National Holiday	Venezuelans
	25	Christmas day	All groups
	31	Banks only	Guatemalans, Mexicans

Practically all of Easter Week is celebrated by almost all the groups, also Ascension day which comes 40 days after Easter Sunday.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is also celebrated by practically all the groups.

The Nicaraguans do no business during Easter or Holy Week. Other holidays fall on Sept. 15, and 16.

The Argentineans hold a carnival on Shrove Monday and Tuesday.

The people of Ecuador, El Salvador, and Honduras observe all the Feast Days of the Roman Catholic Church. These same days are unofficially observed by the people of Venezuela.

of Charmin Tom in Zerragoza, Spain. He come from a peasant family. When he was a boy he was a shepherder. At the age of twenty, had to do military duty. ~~In~~ Spain in the year 1897. ~~But~~ He was unable to speak the Spanish language he spoke only Basque. ~~On account of being~~ Because I was unable to speak the Spanish language his treatment in the army was severe. In 1898 he was sent to Cuba to fight against the United States. The conditions in Cuba were so bad that they swore never to never engage in any more wars. After the war he went back to Spain where he got his discharge—

Spanish

Original

Continental

Bibliography

from the army. He remained at his home in Spain until 1904 when he came to United States. He came to California where he took up the same job he had engaged in Spain - sheepherder. In California he became rich. He owned two ranches and ten thousand head of sheep.
From 1915 to 1920 he made three voyages to Spain. From then on he put his money in Spanish Banks. From 1929 to 1932 economic conditions became so bad he lost his ranches. In 1932 he made plans to go back to Spain, because of his ill health he postponed his voyage until 1934.

XXIII 76

A Political Refugee from Mexico

[illegible] a gentlemen about eighty five years old arrived in this country as a political refugee from ~~the~~ our adjourning sister republic of Mexico, approximately forty years ago.

His parents were emigrees from Spain into Mexico arriving there, while [illegible] was still an infant in his mother's arms, [illegible] The Mexican Government a large tract of land in the province of Chihuauha.

This direct purchase gave his parents automatic power ~~of~~ over all dwellers within the boundaries of their property ~~to wize high and low justice~~ and settling ~~of all dispute arising amongst the peons, in other words~~, They were the final court of appeal and arbitration to which the inhabitants residing on their land could turn.

These dwellers were obligated to obey all commands and orders given by [illegible]'s parents ~~had~~ and to till and harvest the fields and do all general work on the land.

For the privilege of having their homes, raising their families and tilling the land allotted them, they had to ~~turn over~~ to the owner a certain amount of their harvest annually.

In return for these services his father had to furnish ~~their~~ tenants protection from the numerous bands of roving bandits that infested the territory ~~[illegible]~~ a retinue of fifty men especially trained always under arms, patrolling [illegible] of his property.

Being raised amidst such surroundings ~~[illegible]~~ became an expert horseman and thoroughly familiar with old offensive arms of those times.

He spent most of his time outdoors, riding over the country, thus teaching him the most important traits of self confidence and self reliance.

During the fifteenth year, a sudden and totally unexpected raid was [illegible] women, the wives and daughters of the herders.

This act, so enraged his father that every available man was ordered to appear at the main house. There they were armed and mounted.

Being considered a young man [illegible] was permitted to join in the pursuit of the raiders and the recapture of the abducted women and stolen [illegible].

Here is the story as related by [illegible]:

// About four o'clock one morning a raider came up to the gate and informed the guard stationed there, of the occurence. This report was carried to my father who upon receiving detailed information, ordered a bell especially used for this purpose to be tolled, thus notifying all male tenants to immediately make their appearances at the main house or office.

Between five and six a.m. they were all assembled. The regular guards were distributing guns and ammunition while my father gave orders how the pursuit was to be conducted.

I was impatient to be off, but my father refused to be hurried by my pleas until the return of some men whom he had sent ahead to investigate the raid and to find the direction the raiders had taken.

About an hour later these men returned giving my father the necessary [illegible] the van [illegible] of my father.

Knowing by experience that haste was useless, the raiders ~~being~~ held back by the slow progress of the cattle, my father ordered the men to save their horses and not exhaust them uselessly.

In the late afternoon one of the scouts returned informing father that the band was approximately ten miles ahead of us, also that they showed no intention of bedding the cattle for the night, but were driving them unmercifully.

For another hour, we followed when to my surprise my father gave orders to halt and the men to prepare camp. Upon my questioning, he informed me that he intended to break camp at midnight, continue the pursuit in such a manner that we would make contact with the bandits the advantage would be all on our side, the men and horses rested, while conditions would be just opposite with the pursued.

At regular intervals, ~~while~~ in camp, scouts, returned and advised father of the progress made by the raiders and also the type of country through which they were travelling.

These hours of waiting were a torment for me. In my impatience and excitement to be off, I couldn't sleep and was surprised and indignant that the rest of the men were curled in their blankets sleeping with the saddles of their horses doing the duty of pillows. I couldn't understand how they could be so phelgmatic under existing circumstances.

At last after what seemed an eternity to me father gave the signal that I had been anxiously waiting for, and I was certainly surprised ~~and~~ with what alacrity the men were up, the horses saddled and the pursuit continued.

Just as planned we ~~sought~~ caught sight of the herd at early dawn. The men were divided into three groups, with orders to encircle the bandits and the herd, thus placing them at a disadvantage.

The battle was of short duration, The bandits seeing themselves outnumbered by at least three to one and being afraid of the encircling net, fought only [illegible] leaving [illegible] the abducted [illegible] and [illegible] in flight.

Much to my chagrin, my father ordered me to remain with the men, left in charge of the recaptured women and cattle while he and his regular armed retainers continued the pursuit of the fugitives.

The balance of the day was spent in quieting the herd and in awaiting the return of my father and his men. They returned late in the evening tired after an ardous chase, killing most of the bandits and, as was usual in those days, taking no prisoner.

But our party did not go unscathed, We had five men killed and quite a number wounded, showing that the bandits [redacted] sold their lives dearly.

We remained in camp that night, and the following morning, the cattle being rested, we returned home. I felt that I had been cheated but my father [illegible] me [illegible] that I would [illegible] full of these occurences during my life time and eventually would consider it only a necessary duty and would certainly find no pleasure in the measures taken to discourage cattle stealing."

[redacted]'s education was far from being neglected, Tutors were ~~being~~ brought from Mexico City and a certain part of each day was set aside for study.

Fiesta days were gala affairs, no work being done except tasks that were absolutely necessary, the rest of the time [illegible] lived [illegible], [illegible],

[illegible] and [illegible] their. Their affairs always [illegible] days. Two or three times a year Ramon's father took him to Mexico City and he enjoyed those trips to the fullest extent as both men and horses were dressed and accounted in their finest apparel and made an imposing sight on the road.

When Ramon was in his twenty-fifth year he had the misfortune to lose his father, his mother having passed away ten years previously, thus placing upon him the responsibility of the estate.

On one of his trips to Mexico City he met a young lady whom he married several years later after his father's death. Life went on smoothly for quite a number of years, until his wife became ill. In spite of all that could be done, she passed away leaving him wifeless and childless.

To occupy his mind Ramon began to dabble in politics, always a dangerous pastime in Mexico. For several years he got along famously, until the inevitable happened and he backed the losing party.

This brought matters to a sudden climax, for Ramon through friends heard than an order for his arrest had been signed, and that all his property was to be confiscated.

Knowing that the arrest of a political offender invariably led to a firing squad he gathered all his valuables, and with a a few trusty retainers sought refuge in flight.

Immigration laws, being less stringent in those days Ramon encountered no difficulty in entering this country and after spending several years in the southern part of California came to San Francisco where through the intercession of a friend, who represented that country in this city, he established [illegible].

[illegible] for [illegible] in this country

Ramon returned a number of times to Mexico, in the interest of his business, [illegible] quite at ease while under the jurisdiction of the Mexican government.

Twenty years ago having no children of his own, Ramon was instrumental in bringing a married nephew over from Spain. Being tired of club and hotel life, he has made his home with them ever since, feeling happier in the home like surroundings of his own kindred.

Regarding his political affiliations Ramon believes in the platform of the Democratic Party and for years has been casting his vote for the nominees of this party. Furthermore he is not afraid of airing his views, as there is no danger of a firing squad, [illegible] "If I do back the wrong horse.", to use his own words

Ramon spends his declining years by strolling in the walks of Golden Gate Park, his favorite promenade being the flower Conservatory, or he being motored along the beach esplanade.

His nephew is carrying on the business since his retirement, Ramon has no future to worry about and expects to celebrate his hundredth birthday amist the same surroundings.

Mexican - Spanish descendent

Nació en Guadalajara, Capital del estado Jalisco, Mexico. en el año de 1901 de familia española procedende de Bilbao España. Hizo sus primeros estudios en su ciudad natal y a los 14 años de edad fué enviado por sus padres a continuar sus estudios a la Capital de Mexico pero su temperamento no era para altos estudios que se requieren para obtener una carrera profesional. Sus padres contrariados y para forzarlo a continuar sus estudios lo dieron en pension, pero esto no lo acostumbro y pudo obtener trabajo de Mesero en uno de los restaurantes de Mexico donde obtuvo conocimiento con un profesor de violin que tocaba en dicho establecimiento. El profesor le dispensaba en tiempo corto mucho afecto y viendo su aficion a la musica lo empezó a interesando en el estudio del violin. Los resultados fueron espléndidos. Por mas de dos años de estudio en los ratos desocupados y dias que no tenia que trabajar hizieron que adquiriera un buen conocimiento del instrumento con gran satisfaccion de su amigo y protector. Con el tiempo su profesor pudo obtener que tocara en la

orquesta del restaurant como violin segundo y a la muerte de su profesor años mas tarde le remplazó como primer violin con un buen triunfo pues su maestria en el violin fué reconocida por el público que acudia a dicho centro. — Sus amigos siempre le aconsejaban que Mexico no era para él un lugar de mucho futuro para un artista como él, y con los deseos de hacer mas de un violinista de restaurant, comprendió que sus amigos tenian razon y que lo que le mas le convenia era ir a California en busca de mejor ambiente. Decidió irse a San Francisco y tomó la via ferroviaria hasta Laredo, Texas y llegó a San Francisco en el año de 1926.
Aún con las cartas que trajo de Mexico de varios amigos para familias de S. F. le fué imposible obtener trabajo, no solo por la falta de conocimiento en el idioma, si no por sus fondos monetarios no le permitian por ser su aplicación para ingresar a la union musical. Por lo que se vió en la necesidad de trabajar en fabricas haciendo trabajo manual, con perjuicio a sus manos, pero esto no lo acobardó y con perseverancia pudo obtener trabajo en un pequeño teatro después de haber

ingresado a la union. Poco tiempo despues obtuvo trabajo temporal en uno de los teatros grandes Teatros de San Francisco. El director reconociendole su mérito artistico le dio posicion permanente como primer violin con un sueldo minimo ofrecido por él. Y al poco tiempo se enamoró de una bella muchacha americana que trabajaba en el teatro y se casó con ella. —
La introducción de peliculas habladas y musica mecanica hizo que perdiera su trabajo, y se contentó con trabajar en varias partes donde tenia la ~~suerte~~ suerte de encontrar trabajo. Hasta que decidió con algunos de sus compañeros a organizar un quarteto para tocar por el radió y su idea le dió un buen resultado pues poco tiempo despues de quarteto se convirtió su organización en una pequeña sinfonia adquiriendo varios y largos contratos con una compañia nacional de radio difusora. — Tambien su organización musical se dedica a musica de baile "Jaz" y parece que ha tenido buen éxito pues siempre está ocupado. Tiene por San Francisco un gran cariño y nunca ha querido aceptar propuestas de trasladarse a los Angeles, Cal.

IV.

Obtubo sus papeles de naturalizacion
hace cinco años es decir los primeros.
y espera de un momento a otro el expedi
final pues por un ciudadano americano
de el que se siente muy orgulloso.
Nuestro sujeto es una persona excelente
muy querido de su familia y amigos y
su aficion predilecta fuera de las mujeres
es Coleccionar estampillas de correo y
tiene actualmente una coleccion que segun el
tiene un valor de varios cientos de dollares.

San Francisco, Cal. Marzo
Feb. 25th/25

Miguel Gómez

Pedro's leathery face beamed when he spoke of his childhood. His watery eyes stared into space. It was many years ago, in Lisbon, that he was born. His parents, who were very poor were of the peasant class, superstitious and uneducated. Their small white washed stone cottage faced the waterfront and Pedro's nostrils were never free from the tang of the salt air and the aroma of fish.

Pedro's father was a skilled fisherman, and his mother, after a days catch would take the fish, in a great basket, resting on her head, to the market place. Sometimes the catch

would be small then there would be less to eat for that day. Living conditions were difficult and the poverty among the peasants and laboring classes was often wide spread and extreme — due perhaps, to the primitive method of agriculture and undeveloped industries.

When he was very young, Pedro would often watch his father start out after the daily catch. Sometimes he would notice a look of anxiety pass over his mother's face if the sea was particularly rough and his father late in returning. Later on, when Pedro was old enough, his father

took him out to sea on a few trips. It was then that he learned how to cast the line and the nets and enjoy the thrill of seeing the nets bulging with thrashing, wiggling catch. Then, there were days when he watched his father and other fishermen, with shuttles in their hands and their sea stiffened fingers moving with great dexterity, mend the nets.

Pedro's education was limited as he was taught by his mother, what little she knew. However, he inherited from his parent the sober handiness and willingness to work.

It was during Peter's fourteenth year that his mother died. And naturally enough, that broke up the home. From then on he was left to shift, more or less for himself.

Then his life changed again! One evening, and without any motive, he stowed away on a boat bound for New York. On the trip over he became friends with the cook, who made it possible for him to enter the United States. But once in New York, he was utterly alone, without friends, money, or clothes. He soon found the park benches were used as a substitute for beds.

Being barely able to speak but a few words of English did not help Pedro's slight Quantrelly work in a grocery store in the Italian quarter. Here he lived in a small room in back of the store. His meals and lodging being given him in lieu of salary. Pedro was satisfied with his new mode of living. He was slow, however, in picking up English as he had little chance to hear much of it spoken. He remained in the store about three years then went to a vegetable farm in the Northern part of the St New York State. Here he liked the out door

life and soon his under-nourished body took on weight. The winters on the farm ~~at~~ were bleak and cold, quite unlike the warm climate of Lisbon, so when two of the laborers started for California, Pedro left with them.

They arrived in San Francisco about 1904 or 1905 - planning to go to some valley vineyard or farm. Once again the tang of the salt air and the aroma of fish ~~then~~ filled his nostrils as Pedro stayed in San Francisco. He became one of the fishermen of the small fleet of vessels and later on he was to own two

of these vessels. As the years went by, Pedro became a skilled fisherman like his father. He, too, sat mending nets in the idle hours.

Later on, Pedro married a girl from his own country and from that marriage he has two sons and wants them to be fishermen.

Pedro's little shack with its tiny garden faces the wharf where the nets rest, and from there he can see the harbor, where it is still and the fog, slipping in from the sea in long trailing clouds.

Chas. H. Wiebold

Engelhardt

SPANISH.

Born in a seacoast town of Barcelona, Spain, he was one of ten children, four boys and six girls. His father was a Sheep Herder. Money was an unheard of thing, but there was plenty of provisions for the family's needs.

The mother and sisters spun wool cloth which was used in making clothes. The dwelling place and dairy products were supplied by the father, in exchange for his work as a sheep herder. The rest of the family did the gardening which provided them with vegetables.

When each boy reached the age of nineteen years he was compelled to join the permanent or colonial army. This man was drawn for four years into the colonial army and then served four years in the Reserve. The first four years of his army training were severe, and he said he wished many times that he could run away. The four years in Reserve seemed to be the highlife of his career. Being in the Reserve was a paying job, and the fine gaudy uniforms seemed to give them a distinction. At any rate he was made a corporal and was stationed in the city at the entrance of the Fort. He was the admiration of all the girls. Whenever he was off duty he was well supplied with entertainment and gifts from admirers. All in all, a uniform in Spain recieved the highest respect and admiration from all the people.

The soldier's compensation wasn't very much but this young man was able to save all of his. During his last year of service he, with a group of soldiers, went on a furlough to Madrid. It was the first [illegible] from Barcelona and they all had a hilarious time, with

[illegible] served them with the best vintage from the cellarett, unknown to the bartender. This had been going on for a week when the bartender [illegible]. [illegible] particular night one of the barmaids asked this young man who seemed to be the shyest of all to go with her and help her get out a few bottles of some choice wines. So he went along with her. It was dark and they had but a small lighted candle. A half of a wooden cellar door had to be lifted from the ground; then a few stone steps going down to a narrow stone path, and then another door which led into the wine cellar proper. The maid asked the young soldier to wait for her there and she would go on to get the wine, but of course he wanted to ~~show her chivalry~~ and escort her on. They had to climb about eight rungs of a ladder and then on to a platform where the wine was stored. The maid reached the platform, ~~and~~ when the soldier was ready to place his foot on the platform the ladder was jerked from under him. As he fell the saber in his belt came out and pierced ~~into~~ his thigh. Then the bartender saw it was a Grander, soldier, that he trapped stealing his wines, he made all sorts of apologies and never let it be known how the accident happened. The soldier suffered a long time, he did not lose his leg, ~~but~~ it became paralyzed. He was discharged from the army with honors because he ~~became~~ disabled while in service.

He used to visit a family who had a beautiful daughter and who used to admire him while he was in uniform. They never had an occassion to speak privately to each other, but one evening as he was leaving she slipped a note to him.

He claims this note was the beginning of a new life to him because he never expected to marry, since he felt himself a cripple, and guilty of an escapade.

He got a job as sereno (in a residential section (~~it must be like a rural policeman~~), [illegible] to his wrist. At nine P.M. he made his rounds and locked the doors of all the houses. Whoever came after that hour and wanted to enter a house had to get him to open the door. No one else carried a key. That was a custom, he said, throughout Spain. Just like the barred windows to all the houses.

He was married at the age of thirty years. It was a happy marriage and there were two daughters born. When the girls reached the ages of ten and twelve the mother died and the man grieved deeply.

His wife's brother, who had been in America for eighteen years, was visiting the folks in Spain. He became very fond of the two little orphaned girls and persuaded the father to let him take the girls to America. At first he refused but was soon convinced of the [illegible] So ~~then~~ he decided to go to America also. They landed in New York City in 1920, boarded a west bound train for California, and arrived ~~arriving~~ in Santa Barbara where the in-law family was expecting them.

Except the experience of the voyage and the overland travel the man said he had not felt any great change; it seemed he felt right at home. He has been ~~is~~ now ~~fourteen years~~ in California fourteen years and has not left the state since the first day he set foot upon it, nor does he ~~and he does not~~ want to leave it ~~either~~.

While in Santa Barbara he helped on the his brother-in-law's ranch. When his eldest daughter married, he lived with her in Sacramento. He now is living with his younger daughter who is married and living in San Francisco. He is very glad that he came to America and only wishes he had come sooner. He still retains his Chinese citizenship.

when he was about to leave on his journey, and bid his sweetheart goodby. His other friends now did not matter so much, and later after his girl got married he bagan to realize that his little love affair was nearrly a dream and a matter of thaught that he allowed his mind to dwell upon, but soon come to realization that there were many other girls that were her equal, So the whole matter of affairs was dismissed from his mind, leaving him without a girls to think off, but with greater knowledge of how some of the love affairs come and go in a persons life, this experience proved ~~no~~ proved a dissapointment to his thaughts and believe in his younger days, not only his love affairs but his business venture turned out to be somewhat different then what he visualized same to be. But found that his experiences proved out to closely coincide with the information and advice that his father gave him from time to time, one particular instance when his father informed him that it is possible for a man to be well to do financially and broke in six months thereafter, this he could not see, as he thaught that after having a certain amount of wealth that he would have that much and more later, and found that his father was right in a few years thereafter.

On the steamer sailing for the United States met a very find gentlemen (an American) who became very friendly, this man was had a wide business experience from whom learned and received much good advice regarding the methods in doing business in the United States, one thing particularly which I remembered very destinctly, which proved true to me later in my business life. and that was, Do not try to do business on any great extent with his own countryman, for the reason that ~~when~~ sooner or later there will have decided advantage taken directly or indirectly by either

[illegible] their person[illegible] [illegible]e. (The writer does not [illegible] avoided if a person has [illegible]aracter.

A. Forth.

E.R. was born in the small town of Llanes Asturies, Spain. His father owned a small farm growing apples for a living. Enrique went to school which was sponsored by a textile mill in this town, At this time in Spain the government educational institutions were very poor and it was considered better to be educated there by his father.

He went to this school for a number of years and then went to a higher school which he called an academy. At this school he went around with another boy from Barcelona. This Barcelonian to him had very strange ideas and began injecting them into Enrique's mind. This boy was a great reader of Francisca Ferrera's books and E.R. also began reading those books until finally he threw away what religion he ever had. He was around 18 years old at this time and he in turn would toll his father what he had learned. His father was astounded at what the boy talked about at home until he told him to get out and stay out.

He went to the South of France and worked in the coal mines there for three years and then returned to Spain and enlisted in the army in which he served for three years. He made a trip home to see his father but he still refused to have anything to do with his son. Unable to find employment in Spain and wishing to better his conditions he emmigrated to Cuba and went to work in a grocery store. Like many Spaniards at this time in Cuba he saved enough money and came to Albany, New York, where he labored for many years. In 1929 he worked for a contractor who after finding out he wasn't a citizen promptly fired him. Enrique immediately filed for citizenship papers and received his finaly papers in California where he has worked in the Agricultural fields up until two years ago, and is now living on charity in San Leandro. Enrique believes that in about two years the depression will be over and if only we would all wholeheartedly get behind Roosevelt and the New Deal.

. . . . . .

Jim Pepe's father has a small farm in Asturian, Spain, where he was born with six brothers and five sisters and after completing grammar school worked on his father's farm for a short while but due to the large family and small farm they were unable to make a very good living so he left Spain in 1917 while quite young for St. Louis, Miss, where he was employed in a foundry to learn the moulder's trade.

After working there for three years he was laid off and went to the hsopital for six months and underwent an operation for ulcers of the stomach. Doctor's bills and living expenses took what money he had and soon found himself broke.

He started gambling and soon was able to make a good living this way and devoted all his time to this traveling thru the east. His method in doing this was as follows: He would go to a small mining town, get a job so as he could acquire a work badge and so be free to mingle with the workers without being suspected as being a card-shark. He came to Reno in 1929 and worked at his "profession" for a while but found the pickings poor so he came to California and operates mostly in Oakland and hayward where he has regular card games. This man has no interest in politics whatever or anything else for that matter, but he says he contributes generously to the Community Chest and Religious Organizations as he says he knows what it's like to be broke from the experience he had in St. Louis.

Spain

In Search of a Better Life

S. was born in the province of Leon, Spain, in the year 1880. His father was a farmer whose living conditions were similar to those of the large proportion of Spanish peasantry. Members of the poorer class of agriculturists who were fortunate enough to possess land rather than to till the fields of others were relatively little better off, for they infrequently were unable to obtain even the barest necessities without the expenditure of long hours of toil on the part of all the members of rather prolific families.

In this instance there were six children in the home, and all of them were required, at the early ages of eight or nine, to spend ten and twelve hours a day in strenuous and varied occupations essential to the cultivation of their small farm. Planting wheat and gathering the harvest, pruning the vineyard and making wine were their major duties. These activities extended throughout the greater part of the year, but in midwinter there were several months of rest enforced by freezing weather.

S. was allowed to attend school for only a few years and was withdrawn at the age of eight to assist in the work on the land. There was little respite from the difficult labor, for church was the sole diversion of the peasants. Since S.'s father was anti-clerical and came in contact with holiness only in order to quarrel with the priest, even this escape

was denied the family. Their life varied from that of other peasants in only this detail--for others there was work and a church; for the S. family there was only work.

When S. was fourteen came the first break with the routine of farm life, but this was in no sense a release, for he simply transferred the scene of his labor and the type. His father, feeling that the boy had grown sufficiently strong through his work on the farm to be able to do a man's work at a man's pay and thus to contribute cash to the limited income of the home, escorted his son to the mines in the province of Biscay. Here, as an inexperienced hand, he was hired first as a water carrier. He had to transport large bottles of water from a point some distance away to an open field where the iron ore was dug. In all the work the ability to shoulder huge burdens and to carry them easily was requisite, and a year at bearing water bottles qualified S. for promotion to the job of carrying iron ore. After the ore was drilled and mined in the fields it was gathered into large baskets , which the men either shouldered or supported on their legs. During the summer eleven hours a day was the minimum working time and in the winter ten hours. Necessarily these occupations required a sturdy physical type ,and S. rapidly developed into that.

The difficulty of work was in no way compensated for by the living conditions, nor ~~in~~ by adequate financial remuneration. The two thousand men in the mines were single and were housed

in company barracks. Here they slept in large attics accomodating as many as twenty men. The men slept with strangers if there were no friends of theirs from home provinces, for there were no single beds. They were forced to pay for their beds as well as to purchase their own food and to cover the cost of its preparation. The sanitary conditions were abominable--such an article as a bathtub was unheard of, and many of the men had never seen bathroom facilities more modern than the creek close by. The wages ranged from fifty cents a day for the water carriers and fifty-five to sixty cents for the ore carriers to eighty cents for skilled drillers and miners. In his first year at the mine S. was paid fifty cents a day and after his promotion , fifty-five. After a year he became a full-fledged miner, but received only sixty cents a day for the ensuing six years.

The monotony of eight years was relieved by two visits to his parents. During the entire period S. sent the greater part of his earnings to his parents, but despite this was able to lay aside the munificent sum of fifty pesos. Occasionally the life of the mining community was enlivened by the presence of Socialist organizers , who found amongst two thousand men a creditable number who were dissatisfied. These organizers held meetings and expounded ~~there~~ their ideas on the salvation of the working class; they especially pointed towards Germany,which in the late nineties was beginning to achieve much [redacted] social legislation. They left behind them brighter hopes and an abundance of printed propoganda.

S. was one of those who through ~~them~~ this conversation gained an urge towards freedom from the deadliness of his life in the mines. He ~~bum~~ became a reader of Socialist papers, and this in itself was the instrument whereby a very fundamental change in his life was effected. In one of the journals there was an article and a photograph concerning the coachmen's union of Chicago; this stated that the men were striking not for higher wages and shorter hours , for they already had the eight hour day and received the unbelievable sum of three dollars a day, but they were in a position secure enough to permit them to go out for union recognition. The picture accompanying the article showed the men marching down the streets in clothes fine enough for the best of the upper classes in Spain.

S. determined, after ~~he read~~ reading of this unusual country , that he must go there. He knew nothing about geography and was unaware of the existence of two Americas--North and South. Soon, however, after numerous inquiries concerning the land of liberation, he learned that fact and discovered as well that Chicago was in a land in which a foreign tongue was spoken, whereas in South America, Spanish was the common language. Further , he found that there was a place called Mexico which bordered on the United States , and that there he would be in a better position to learn English. He communicated his new ambition to his father, and that gentleman, after a time, was able to borrow sufficient money for his son's passage. Thus it was in 1902, after eight years in the mines, that S. embarked in search of a better world.

S. encountered his first misshap even before his arrival [illegible]

arrival in Mexico. The ship stopped for several days in Cuba, and S. jaunted about the town taking in all the strange sights. On one of his excursions, he was robbed of the money he had counted on to tide him over the first days in a foreign country. As a result, he landed in Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1902 with scarcely any money and an incredible amount of naivete.

For several days he wandered about in search of work. His only experience had been at mining, and there were no mines in that part of the country, and had there been he probably should have had difficulty in finding them. When his funds were exhausted he managed to acquire a job at clerking in a grocery store. His hours of work extended from six in the morning until eight at night, and he was given very little to eat. After continuing submissively for some ten days, he finally accumulated sufficient courage to ask for his wages. His employer exhibited great surprise at this rather bold request and haughtily informed S. that he showed extreme ignorance of the ways of his newly adopted country; here they allowed people to work, were kind enough to give them rather limited board for the first year, and then should they choose to depart, the employer, if he were considerate, might present his helper with some trifle. Somewhat taken aback, but determined that he would not work under such circumstances and preferred to take his chances, S. asked for at least a dollar in payment of his services and as assurance that he might not starve before he could get other employment.

After a few days he was able to find railroad construction work. He was sent to Oaxaca and there received a

a peso and a quarter a day for wielding a pick and shovel. The men in the construction gang were housed on the porch of a dwelling without even blankets to cover them. S. did not especially relish the heap of human beings amongst whom he was supposed to flop for the night, and invested in a hammock for the sake of privacy.

privacy. The railroad was being cut through the jungles and it was inevitable that malaria should find a ready victim in one so unaccustomed to the conditions of life there as was S. He was violently ill for a ~~[illegible]~~ it was impossible to obtain any sort of proper attention in the camp, and the Mexicans warned him that he would die if he went to the hospital finally unable to bear the conditions, ~~[illegible]~~ he asked if there were not some other place at which he might board and thus escape the rough Mexican food which only furthered his illness. He was told that there were places run by Spaniards for Americans but that undoubtedly it would ~~[illegible]~~ be ~~[illegible]~~ expensive. He went to one and found that the proprietor was like other Spaniards in Mexico, in that he would be most lenient about the payment of the bills of his countrymen in distress. He extended credit for room and board to S. until such time as he should be well enough to work again. In spite of his fevered state S. was elated at escaping tortillas for the customary Spanish bread. After a time his countrymen the miners decided to move to another construction camp, and S. went along. They settled in San Cruz where a new port was being built and S. was hired as his friend's helper in a kitchen. They remained here for several weeks until they were able to save a few pesos, and then stowed away on a boat en route to the state of Sonora. ~~[illegible]~~ The trip took twenty one days and S. heard talk among the sailors of a ~~place~~ mining town high in the mountains ~~[illegible]~~ of Sonora. Anxious to get back to the kind of work he had done most of his life S. did not stay on at Guaymas with his friend, but invested his meagre exchequer in fare to Cananea, the mountain mining village. He arrived therefore without a peso to his name and hopefully sought employment at the mine. Unfortunately none was forthcoming and, with only the vision of starvation in this strange land he became really desperate. Upon inquiry he found that there was a hospital here ~~[illegible]~~ a Spanish doctor ~~[illegible]~~. Though naturally of a timid nature S. forced

[illegible]

[illegible] S. was elated at escaping [illegible]

[illegible] After a time his countrymen [illegible]

settled in Sabinas where a new port was being built, and S. was hired

[illegible] in a [illegible]. [illegible]

until they were able to pay a few [illegible] and then stowed away on a boat

en route to the state of [illegible]. [illegible] twenty one days and S.

[illegible] mining town

[illegible] a [illegible] hitch in the mountains [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

scruples in the face of hunger and went to the doctor to ask him to use his influence with the Americans in charge of the mines. However, less obliging than other of his compatriots, this Spaniard assured S. that he could do nothing for his since Americans did not believe in pull. Really in desperation, S. went back the next day and pleaded with him. The doctor suddenly remembered that he had a position available in the hospital for an orderly. However, he dashed S's hopes by maintaining that he could not hire a Spaniard again since the last one who had filled the post had been a drunkard and he mistrusted the sincere desire of any one of them to work really hard. S. assured him that he had never drunk and that he would make good, but the doctor xxxxx casually asked him to wait several days for a definite decision. After another talk several days later S. convinced him of his impending starvation and got the job.

He worked here for a year, receiving fifty pesos a month and room and board. During this time he discovered that Americans doing the same work were paid three times as much. At the end of the year he gathered enough courage to demand a wage increase of ten pesos a month. His request was met with a very definite refusal, and feeling that he had suffered enough in subjection, that he had learned sufficient English to venture across the border, and that he had saved enough for the journey he decided to leave Mexico. At the end of his Mexican experience S. concluded that he had become a bit of a rebel.

In 1904 he arrived in Los Angeles. There he combed the employment agencies until he got a job of a sort. This, however he kept only eighteen days or long enough to earn his passage to San Francisco. He was anxious to get to the north of the state for he had heard that mines were operated in that region, and that was the work to which he was accustomed.

according to the laws of Sonora any man is guilty of a crime who has
caused his followers with the commission of any crime. Sonora
laws militate than other of the country. The Spaniard was
a. that he could be arrested for his state [illegible]
[illegible] usually in desperation. and then the most [illegible]
life. The Sonora authorities recognized that he was a political prisoner
in the regular for an crime. However in January 1914 he
maintaining that he could not hire a Spaniard again since the last
one had killed the [illegible] and he mistrusted the
[illegible] of any one of them to work really hard. [illegible]
that he had never drunk and that he would make good. but the doctor
[illegible] assumably asked him to wait several days [illegible]
after [illegible] several days labor [illegible] employer his [illegible]
[illegible] to S. until such time as he should be well enough to
[illegible] and got the job.

He stayed there for about [illegible] working [illegible]
and from and boss. During this time he discovered that [illegible]
the same work were paid three times as much. At the end of the year
[illegible] had enough courage to demand a wage increase of ten pesos a month.
His request was met with a very definite refusal. [illegible]
had [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible]
to venture across the border, and that he had saved enough for the
[illegible] to leave Mexico. [illegible] Mexican [illegible]
[illegible] that he had become a bit of a rebel.

In 1924 he arrived in Los Angeles. There he rented the
[illegible] apartment until he got a job of a week. [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] two or [illegible] [illegible] his passage to San Francisco, [illegible]
[illegible] to get to the ports of the state for he had [illegible] that [illegible]
were concerned in that region, and therefore the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible].

He had considerable difficulty obtaining employment again, for there was a depression. He did work for a time at construction for the Market Street Railway company, and lived meanwhile at a boarding house for Spaniards. In a few months he had scraped together enough money to be able to consider moving again, and he joined a group of Spaniards bound for Placer county to work in a mine. Here he received two and half dollars a day--the closest thing to a decent salary he had ever earned. The men in the mine were forced to sleep fifteen in a tent and there were tiers of four berths. This mine continued in operation for only two months until a thunderstorm washed away a good part of it. Again he was forced to move onward and this was the pattern for two years--he held a total of twenty one jobs during that time. The food was unbearable--the camps baking soda was added to most of the food to make it cook more quickly and most of the men developed stomach trouble of all types.

S. began to grow weary of his mode of life and to long for a steady job; he wanted to make a little money; he began to dream of returning to Spain after he had accumulated something and there to marry and settle down. He had other dreams too; once he made some money he could perhaps learn French, go to France and get a real position in some important mine, or he might even perfect his English and get somewhere in the United States. So in 1904 he attempted to find work in the city in order that he might attend school and acquire the rudiments of the English language that was essential before he could really rise. Almost as if it were fated these plans too failed and finally there was nothing to do but return to the mines again. In 1906 he went to Jackson and worked there for a year. In 1907 he became a member of the Socialist party-- he had become quite familiar with Socialist doctrine through reading the papers and books issued by the party,

of his nomadic life was forced to be an inactive rester at large. However, he was so convinced of the correctness of the socialist views that he spent all his free time reading and acquiring an ~~[illegible]~~ background in economic theory.

His next step was to go to Calaveras county in 1907 to work in the mines there. Similar to his previous experiences, this mine offered no protection to its workers. They worked eleven hours a day and received a little over two dollars as a wage. In addition there was no type of insurance for the protection of the men, and when in 1910 there was an explosion in the mine, and he was injured a rather difficult time ensued for him. No doctors were available at the scene of the accident and a serious injury to his ear was stitched by a layman with ordinary thread. It was not strange then that he developed a serious infection and lost the hearing of that ear. This experience convinced him that he would not return to the mines, and thereafter he went about from place to place in search of a steady position with decent conditions--in fact that became an obsession with him, for he felt that he had seriously endangered his life and his health by acceptance of whatever work he could find. He [illegible] to seek out-of-door employment and for a time he was in [illegible] in lumber camp and a little later at Fort Bragg.

He was forced to leave Fort Bragg by a ~~[illegible]~~ illness in the form of ~~[illegible]~~ a tumor. He was operated on in a hospital in San Francisco. Again ill fortune affected him for a thread was left which caused an infection and forced a return to the hospital and another operation--~~this in spite of the fact~~ He was compelled to pay $14 dollars each week as long as he was confined to a ward. Following his illness, he ~~[illegible]~~ ~~that he would~~ reported and redoubled his efforts to safeguard his health. Through a friend he secured books concerning diet and physical culture and read everything available on that subject. He was soon a vegetarian

and an addict of the outdoor life. I am [illegible] fortunate enough to obtain through a friend a carpenter's position [illegible] salary was meagre--$45 a month and board--but his needs are slight and he [illegible] in better health and to have more leisure time than he had ever had. During the war he was employed at an army camp with a construction gang.

After the war he became interested in a cooperative colony, but after living there for a short time he became discouraged with a certain amount of crookedness on the part of people involved in the experiment and decided instead to join four of his friends in joint ownership of a farm. However, they were unable to secure good land with the amount of money in their possession, and eventually gave up the idea. S. had managed to save $1000 dollars out of his never too large earnings, and he lived on his capital for a time until it had diminished to $500, for he couldn't find anything to do. When he saw his savings dwindle away he decided upon going to the Soviet Union and joining a collective commune there. He had dropped his membership in the Socialist Party in 1921 and was in agreement with the left wing rather than the right. Therefore, in 1924, he left for socialist republic to see for himself how socialism could be built. For three years he remained there and became an integral part of the commune, which was a newly organized one. The greatest difficulty he encountered was his inability to understand the Russian language. More than that however he was helping to build socialism at the most critical period. Food was scarce--as a vegetarian he had no easy time, for the kind of food he required in his diet was at difficult to get and generally completely unobtainable. Likewise the hours of work were the longest he had known anywhere, for in order to speed the process of rebuilding the country the members of the commune voluntarily laid a twelve to fourteen hour day. Adjustments were difficult on a number of scores--the workers were just beginning to learn to cooperate, and

their progress was [illegible] presence of saboteurs within the communes. The greatest interest came from his inability to articulate the things he saw. He ~~[illegible]~~ conscious disruption itself he decided to return, only after he had helped the collective grow from [illegible] members to 500, when he was convinced that his difficulty with the language made it impossible to use his capacities to the fullest.

So in 1927 he returned to California or as he terms it the paradise of vegetarians. He was fortunate to obtain work directly upon his arrival, ~~and~~ by living in a very simple manner had by 1930 saved enough to ~~return~~ to Spain, ~~but~~ this one [illegible] again he had been out of work and ~~xxx~~preferred to use his money seeing things rather than by sitting around using his money slowly for living expenses. Upon his return to Spain he visited his [illegible] and then wandered about his native country. He felt that he was [illegible] to be able to talk about Spain when he came back to America and he had a fondness for it for which he could find no rational explanation. It went ~~xxx~~ into all the outlying provinces as well as to the major cities and saw everything he loved about Spain but had been unable to find in his youth there. Finally after several months of travel he sought and received work as a farm hand. The news promptly spread amongst members of the farmer's union to which he belonged that S had spent several years in the Soviet Union and he was soon asked to speak at number ~~xxx~~ of meetings. Something he had not counted on when he was criticizing the govt. of Spain was that officials would be observing him with a watchful eye. Such was the case, however, and he soon found himself in jail and remained there for six days completely incommunicado. Upon his release he was ordered to leave Spain at once. It required numerous visits to the American consulate and to the chief of police before he obtained his passport, ~~and~~ all of his papers/~~xxxxx~~ had been confiscated at the time of his arrest. ~~[illegible]~~ were never returned to him while the passport was

Theodore Frey

Report. Andalusian

I was born in S. Sebastian Spain. I was one of 8 children and have had a very hard struggle as our family was never very well off. Being the oldest child, I had to work hard and make a living for my mother. Because I never had much schooling as I worked from early morning till late at night. We had a vineyard to take fruit and a few acres of vegetables. The more I worked it seemed to me that we never made any headway. When once I went to market I met a friend who had been in U.S.A. so we had quite a long talk I made up my mind to go to the U.S.A but there was the question of money I had to get somewhere. Now I was working harder than ever and I saved up all I could. My friend gave me the balance and one fine day I arrived in New York.

All seemed so strange, the people I had the address to go talked english and I hardly understood english. I at once looked for work and in less than two weeks I was working on the eastside in a big firm and making good money. I went to night school to improve my english and to learn a few points. I became a citizen in New York

Theodore Frey

II Report: Andalusian.

By this time I got quite aquainted with the spani-
colonie in New York. I made friends with 2 fellows
and we decided to travel west to California and
enjoy a warmer climate. About 5 years ago I married
I have a boy and now business here has been bad,
I would have otherwise gone in business for myself.
I make just enough to go by.

If for me a way of betterment in times
I would like to see a change in Government here to
fit the democratic or federal way in California. Perhaps
sooner or later without any preparation a change
is made here in California.

579

The Family —

1. Girl: born 1909 in Espana, she lives in Phoenix with her husband who works at any thing he can find. Husband is a Greek.
2. Girl: 24 - living in Oakland with her husband who is a Greek and runs a restaurant.
3. Girl: 21 - living in Santa Fé, N.M. married a Greek Baker.
4. Boy: died when he was 6 mos. old.
5. Girl: 18 yrs. in the 12th grade.
6. Boy: 16 " in the 11th "
7. Girl: died at ~~birth~~ birth.
8. Boy: Killed in an auto accident when he was 9 years old. (1930)
9. Girl: 10 years.
10. Girl: 8 " .

The history of #2 child is worth noting.
- Prior to the Spanish-American war regular compulsory military training was the rule in Spain. This member of the family was particularly opposed to it - but saw his way to America thru offering his services in the Spanish forces which were to go to Cuba. He was accepted and shipped to Cuba. The interesting episode of his war career came about in the battle of (Carnel?). Colonel Roosevelt had same 800 men under his command while the Spanish forces consisted of but 500. When the fighting was over there were but five Spaniards left and he was one of them. Roosevelt had lost a good holy of his forces and was surprised to find that the Spanish side boasted but 500. After the war the general day was voiced by the

well, the two of them set up a lunch stand in Havana and run it for a year. when they got tired of the country. This was in 1903. They left Cuba for Mexico where they travelled over the country for a 6 mos. period, seeing the country mostly. From Mexico they came to the U.S. where they separated. The elder brother going again to San Francisco while the younger one traveled south to Nevada where he worked in the Gold mines at Goldfield for two years & came up to S.F. to spend his money and see the sights. In 1907 he went on a salmon fishing expedition to Alaska, stayed for one season, returned to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he married and settled down for 10 years then moving to Rogan Mound, N. M. where he took up a homestead and

died from hemorrhage two years later - he left his wife with 6 children

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The sister lives now at Taos, N. M. where she teaches school in a Spanish adventist academy. She is married and has 7 mexican children. Her husband is a farmer.

The oldest brother lives on a ranch down the penninsula. He married a mexican woman. He has 8 children

One younger brother lives on a ranch in Hayward. He married a mexican woman. He has 12 children.

The other brother died before he was married in N. Mexico.

Spanish Soldiers that the Spanish Government had not played fair with them. mainly sending in inferior troops (number) against twice and three times the number of the American forces. As a result of this dissatisfaction many of the men did not return to Spain but remained in Cuba or moved to Mexico or the U.S. He was among the dissatisfied group but he did not remain in Cuba by choice but by necessity — having become very ill due to the severe hardships and the lack of food. Luck would have it that he was found on the point of dying by a sister from a monastery in Cuba where he was taken and nursed back to health. When he became nearly well he sent word to his brother in San Francisco to join him which he did. When he was

Peter Del Gado

Biography Of A Spanish Immigrant

Miguel was born in a the city of La Linea, province of Cadiz, Spain. Like all the other immigrants that have left their native country to seek better economic conditions in foreign lands, he comes from peasant stock. La Linea, says Miguel, is the most depraved, the most vile and corrupted city in the whole of the Mediterranean Coast. Miguel says that one half of the children born in La Linea never knew their parents. The reason for so many children being born here out of wedlock is because all the women in Spain who have had intimate love affairs with men, are thrown out of their towns, and having nowheres to go generally come to La Linea. In this city there are many seamen who take care of all these fallen girls. Also, there is another reason: All the English women who live in Gibraltar, one mile or so from La Linea, can afford to hire servants. These servants are hired at the Spanish standard of of wage scale, which amounted to 10 pesetas per ~~xxxxxx~~ week.

These woman housekeepers, hundreds of them, worked all day for the English. When evening came they had to cross the Spanish --English demarcation and walk back to La Linea. With only 10 pesetas a week to pay for their lodging and buy clothes, these women found it necessary to cohabit with some sailor or stranded foreign seaman in order to have an occacional fling at a bull fight or buy a new garment.

Another reason for so ~~xxxx~~ many illegitimate children being given birth in this 'cesspool of Spain' is due to the fact that the police here are the most corrupted in the world(with the possible exception of two or three cities in America). The

Spanish laws at that time (1900) made no provissions for women whose husbands had abandoned them. There was no such thing as alimony nor did the authorities care whether or not the childr n of the unscupulous fathers, who abandoned them, starved or not.

It was a common practice for a man, after he tired of his naive, legal wife, to leave her and go to La Linea. There he would go to Gibraltar and work or smuggle contraband from Gibraltar to La Linea and vise versa. So, as says Miguel, we have seen the type of men and women that make up the population of this modern city of Sodom. There were more prostitudes in La Linea in 1900 than in the whole of Spain combined.

Miguel, however, although he was born in La Linea, was born to honest parents--as were his four brothers and three sisters. His father, says Miguel, could have been termed an honest merchant, that is according to the capitalistic standard of the word'honest! The old man was an innkeeper. An innkeeper is about as honest as a San Francisco bootlegger, or a cigar stand proprietor. The cigar stand keeper must sell cigarettes to minors, must take part in selling illegal lottery tickets and give the boys good tips on the horse races. Likewise, the Spanish innkeeper had to provide rooms for harlots and their procurers, must buy and sell contrabanded tobacco smuggled over from Gibraltar, and do a thousand other things which the Law prohibited, but ignored--so long as graft was paid.

Anyway, as Miguel says, no one is responsible for the purity or lewdness of his birthplace. One has nothing to say about it. Nor is the new arrival in this dog-eat-dog world to blame for the conditions he finds as soon as he leaves his mother's sactuary.

Miguel attended school for three years, from the age of five to eight. Not much education, true, but the average child of the peasant in Spain never goes to school at all. (In 1962 statistics from Geneva showed that 65% of the people in Spain could neither read nor write. Of this 65%, of course all of them were posterity of the last generation of the working class. In contrast, it is interesting to note that the average son of the aristocrat and middle-class is able to read and write fluently at least five different languages. The sons of the rich in Spain are well tutored,--at the expence of the unfortunate majority.

When Miguel was eight he left school and tried to find work in La Linea. There was no work to be had. His father then sent him to Gibraltar to care for a Briton's garden. The boy racked the lawn and watered the flowers, etc.,etc. He began to learn the English language very promptly. After two years in The Rock, he spoke enough to be hired as an interpreter in one of the many liquor establishments ~~xxxx~~ there. But at this early age the boy was already showing signs of dissoluteness. The precocious child, since he earned more money than his comrades, frequented the houses of evil repute, smoked contraband cigarettes, and gambled his money away. Things got so bad that at 12 years of age the boy would only come home to get into clean clothes and recite to his brothers the rewards of the prodigal.

Miguel's father, a venerable old soul, reflected on the matter of his children, and concluding that sooner or later the whole brood would straggle off the same way decided to leave La Linea.

The old man knew it would be hard for him to go elsewhere and work in the vineyards or olive groves, but he had to choose between hard work for himself or having his family grow up to be

of counterparts of the harlots and good-for-nothing miscreants that were the men and women of that modern Sodom that was La Linea.

When Miguel was fifteen his father moved to a small town on the coast of the Mediterranean. The town lived mainly from its fishing industries and and Muscatel wine sales. With only one hundred duros($90) and with seven children and his wife to provid for, the former innkeeper had the hardest time of his life to keep the household from actual starvation.

The old man went to work, however and so did the three older boys. The wages were small and the old man despondent. He had been accustomed to better things. But he would not return to the vile city of La Linea. Things went on thus until Miguel's mother died.

Two years later Miguel was conscript into the army and sent to Spanish Morocco. He says that he had no desire to go over to Melilla and fight the Moors. He knew what the battle was all about. Miguel had nothing to gain in Africa. No one owed him anything there, and if the wealthy Spaniards had anything due them from the much exploited Riffs, they the aristocrats, should go over themselves and collect. But there was no use to express his opinion and be put before a firing squad. So to Morocco he went....

Life in the Spanish army was hell proper. The climate in Melilla was never below 100 degrees in the summer, and in winter it was cold ~~in the~~ during the night and sultry during the day. The food was the worse he ever heard of, anything more insipid and swill-like cannot even be imagined. He took sick with fever.

After three months of misery and near death in the army hospital he was again returned to duty. He was weak, but his

assignments were as hard as if he had been robust and well. consequently he took sick again, and after spending two more months in the hospital was returned to Spain to serve in the less severe militia. When Miguel left for Morocco he was seventeen and weighed 146 pounds. When he returned home eight months later his weigh had dropped to a mere 115 pounds. Three months after his return to Spain he learned of the death of his father.

When, three years later, he was discharged from 'serving the king' he returned to the village where his brothers and sisters lived. In this town--Marbella, Probince of Malaga--he married and worked in the adjacent vineyards until 1907 when, disgusted with the whole Spanish rule and system of government, he immigrated for the Hawaiian Islands.

Today Miguel is 65 years old. He is a wizened old man, with stooped shoulders, wrinkled face, hardened and bronzed by the Hawaiian sun and feeble legs that sag under his weight. He is not working, being too old to produce for some company at a profit. He is glad to talk to anyone. He is bitter against the Spanish rebels. He blasphemes vehemently. He even decries the Spanish Radical Government. He says the United Front party, when they took the reins of the nation by virtue of the ballot, should have lynched all the traitors in command of the army. The Radical leaders were far too lenient with the enimies of the masses. By having disposed of three or four men like Franco and Mola, more than 100,000 lives could have been preserved now. But after all, his greatest regret is that he is too old to go to Spain and help the Popular Front Government. He says that he would gladly sacrifice his life just for the privileege of taking

one or two Fascistes out of this world.

The voyage from Spain to Hawaii was a slow and cruel one. Miguel sailed out of Malaga on the S.S.Heliopolis together with some untabulated number of families. The exact number of families he does not remember, but he knows there were about 2,500 souls on board the Heliopolis.

Note:

In reply to my letter to the Immigration Board of Honolulu, Hawaii, two years ago I received the following bit of information. (Copied verbatim; original letter in my possession:)

"Territory Of Hawaii
Board of Commissioners of Public Archives
Honolulu

"August 17, 1934

"Mr. Peter Del Gado
San Francisco, Calif.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of August 5, 1934, addressed to the Secretary of Hawaii has been referred to this bureau for reply.

The only Spanish immigrants brought to Hawaii arrived here in 1907; 2,208 from Malaga, Spain, on the "S.S. Heliopolis" and 1,106 on the "S.S. Kumeric". In 1908 there were only 2,000 Spaniards in the Islands, many of the immigrants having gone to California. In 1910 there were very few left. These people were brought here to work in the cane fields.

For information concerning the social and economic conditions of laborers, I would advise writing to the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, Honolulu, for their printed reports.

Signed
Maude Jones,
Librarian

Note: This report does not concur with the Naturalization papers obtained by my brother in San Francisco. According to the U.S.Department of Labor there were many immigrants admitted to Hawaii in 1911. They came on the S.S. Willesden which sailed from Gibraltar in October 1910.

Somebody is wrong. I think Maude Jones is not telling the truth.
Peter Del Gado

The first day out of Gibraltar, for that is where Miguel boarded the ship, the authorities on board decided that the men had to be separated from their wives for the duration of the ship. There was a near riot about this. The plan, nonsensical as it was failed after three days at sea.

The food was poor, and many of the infants died from malnutrition. Note: These trips were all alike. They have already been depicted in previous biographies.

When Miguel arrived in Honolulu with his wife and three sons. He was almost too weak to work in the cane fields. One child, a daughter had died on the ship. So weak were the Immigrants after the fifty six days of voyage that the Company aware that they could not put these people to work in the condition they were in, decided to keep them in Lazaretto for two months. The Spaniards were fed better here, and soon regained some of the vitality they haf lost. When they were well on the road to physical recovery they were consigned to various plantations. Miguel, together with forty other families came to a plantation called Honomu.

This plantation offered no better conditions than those he had left behind in Spain. But there was no use in going to any of the other plantations, for they were all run under the same system.

Miguel was not accustomed to the hard work in the cane fields and suffered untold agonies all the time he was there. Also, his wife took sick with pellagra and died. One son contracted some sort of a disease and became deaf as a result.

In 1917 Miguel got disgusted with Hawaii and came to San Francisco. He worked in a cigaret factory until 1929. Today he lives from the charity of his sons.

F. Del Gado

BIOGRAPHY OF A SPANISH IMMIGRANT

Frank was born in the city of Malaga, Spain. When he was thirty years of age he emigrated with his wife and child--two years old--to a coffee plantation somewhere in the interior of Brazil. If life had been severe to Frank in his native land, in Brazil it was infinitely hell. Frank says he can think of no other word. Figuratively speaking,he says that he had fled purgatory to take refuge in hell.

The voyage was long and miserable. The meals given the emigrants consisted of two meals a day of beans concocted with a mixture of middling and a limited amount of adulterated bread. On Sundays the fare was somewhat better. The emigrants were given corned beef and garvansos, all the bread they wanted, and a handfull of dried fruits. Frank says that his son could not eat the food given them and as a result almost died of malnutrition. He would take his son by the hand down to the ship's galley and beg the cooks, who were Chinese, for rice and other victuals more suitable for the child.

Upon his arrival at the plantation to which Frank had been consigned he was given his allotment of coffee shrubs to cultivate. He was also given one acre of land for truck-gardening. The house was a hovel made from sticks covered with foliage. The hovel, inevitable, was teeming with lizards, roaches and other habitues of the jungles.

Frank, in spite of all these hardships, started to work his

coffee with enthusiasm and energy he could muster. His sole programme was to work one crop and leave Brazil for his homeland. There were no opportunities to educate his child in this new country and, after taking everything into consideration, he opined that the family could be reared better in Spain.

Frank worked diligently, all day long at his coffee shrubs, and late into the night at his garden. He would fish, too, this to keep the ~~xxxxx~~ credit at the store on an even keel with the debit. The family never bought any clothes at the company, nor any other commodity save the bare essentials. By all means he must leave this forlorn plantation and return home.

Finally, after many months of anxiety came the day when his coffee was to be picked. Frank was overjoyed with his heavy crop, thinking of course that after paying his bills at the company he would have enough money to return home; but this was not the case.

After the coffee plants had been stripped of the beans and weighted(on the owner's special scales) the grief began for Frank. He had been overcharged for his groceries, the price of coffee was supposed to have fallen to nothing, and the company's pickers(selected criminals hired by the company) were demanding more money for their work than had been stipulated in the contract between Frank and the landowner. To make a sad, heart-rending story short as possible, says Frank, I was told at the administrator's office that I had exactly enough reis left over to pay the personal tax, which amounted to an equivalent of $5.

Frank protested, but it was no use. The administrator had hired three huge negros as bodyguards for the occasion. The

result of the controversy was that Frank, after a hard fight, was cowed out of the office, and told to return within a week if by that time he still entertained the idea that the company had mulct of him his due remuneration.

Frank knew, only too well, what coming back to the office within a week meant. Other share-croppers had tried it before. When a share-cropper in the Brazilian plantations returned to stress a claim he was, as a matter of common procedure, charged with attempting to commit murder, and beaten--sometimes fatally.

Frank says he was not prepared to die at that time and made up his mind not to provoke further the issue. For several days after his 'misunderstanding' with the coffee planters, Frank did not so much as even enter his coffee field. He was making preparations to leave the plantation with his wife and son. He called at the company store and there equipped himself with some clothes for the family and enough staple provisions for a three day emergency in the jungle. He knew that the company's hired criminals would intercept his leaving the plantation on the grounds that he must first pay his personal tax, with the $5 he had received for his coffee, and then work out the bills he had incurred for the clothes and provisions he had bought.

Leaving the plantation when one owed it money was considered evasion, not unlike that of Devil's Island, and the fugitive, if apprehended by the colluded authorities which ruled in strict accordance with the planters mandate, was invariably treated as such. Frank was approached one Sunday night at his shanty and told to resume work on his field or suffer the consequences. He assured the men that he would.

That same night Frank packed a knap-sack with all the provisions he could carry, secured it upon his back, straddled his son over his shoulders and, leading his wife by the hand, set out on his precarious journey to the nearest city in Brazil where he could avail himself the use of a Spanish consul. This he managed to do after a week of indomitable strife against the elements, the beasts of the jungles, and the plantation vigilantes. He had finished his provisions and spent the $5 which he had by this time.

The Spanish consulate was not inclined to be humane. He could not understand why such action as Frank had taken was necessary, nor would he admit that conditions such as Frank had described really existed. The result was that the consul refused Frank any sort of help, he would, however, if Frank was willing, arrange for the fugitive's return to the plantation. Frank told the consul that he would rather emigrate to hell where he, (the consul) belonged, than to return to the plantation.

Frank then went to work on the waterfromt in that city and managed to eke out an existance until money arrived from home. When the money arrived from his relatives in Spain he took the first boat back to Malaga, Spain.

Back in his native land Frank was confronted with the same problems that existed two years before: work was scarce, wages small, and starvation ever at the threshhold of his door. He went to work for awhile at whatever chores he could find, and realizing that there was nothing for him in Spain, boarded the S.S. Leo Polo in 1907 and once again emigrated; this time for the Hawaiian Islands. The conditions in Hawaii were bad,

almost as deplorable as those conditions he had experienced in the plantation in Brazil.

Frank landed in a plantation called Honomu, twelve miles from the city of Hilo, in the Island of Hawaii. In Hawaii, as in Brazil, the chances of educating his son were nil. Frank worked every day possible and still could not earn enough money to sent his son to a private school. When the boy was ten years of age he went to work in the cane fields with the women gang. His wages was $10 per month.

One day when the boy was at work loading sugar cane cars he lost his balance somehow,and fell, breaking his leg. The company doctor took charge of the case and promised Frank that his son would be sent to Honolulu and be educated at the expense of the company. This, they explained to Frank,would compensate the boy for his mishap. Frank agreed to allow the company educate his son. The boy was taken from the plantation first-aid station to Honolulu. But instead of enrolling the boy in a school the company committed him to a reformatory. The boy escaped and returned to his parents. A controversy followed. Frank was evicted from the plantation. He took residence in Honolulu. When America entered into the World War Frank returned to a plantation and, since the conditions were now somewhat better, saved enough money to sail for California. He arrived in San Francisco in 1920, and went to work at once on the Howard Reed orchard at Marysville. Here he worked for eight years and, with the aid of his wife and son, saved $7,000.

In 1928 he again went back to Spain, invested his money in various stocks, and in 1929 lost every cent he ever had. He then

compared with those he had experienced in Brazil,

thought of returning to America, and in 1930 disembarked at San Francisco. Back to the orchard in Marysville he went. But the wages that existed in 1928 when he left for Spain, were no more to be found in California. He was not even able to find work.

Today, Frank is one of the many unfortunates who, through no fault of his own, finds himself on the San Francisco relief ~~xxxxxx~~ roster.

Frank, now sixty-six, says that conditions have changed immensely, but adds that not in favor of the working men and women. He does not believe in nationalism and says that a person has a right to travel from one country to another in quest of better conditions for his family.

Dr Paul Radin;

In order to comply with your instructions to obtain certain information I proceeded to a park, Washington Square, located on Stockton Street, and Union and Filbert Streets. In this park may be found many men, more or less without employment, and of various classes and many nationalities, such as Italians, Mexicans, Austrians, Portugese and a mixture of Irish.

It was a very bright day, the sun shone brilliantly, and I sat down close to a group and close to one or another talking in a manner to discover the certain information desired.

The first day I was not succesful of securing any information od consequence but I later met a man who was a stevedore on the docks of San Francisco and who had been without work for ten or twelve weeks. This man was perhaps about 35 years of age, he appeared to possess plenty of strength, and his appearance was such as to leave no doubt as to his story.

His story was as follows-

He was a native of Barcelona and his father was a merchant dealing in ships' supplies close to the wharves of the above port.

When he was eighteen years of age he left his father's house, and hid himself on board a German vessel, a steamer, as a stowaway, This steamer was bound for South Americ. The next day he was discovered and the captain of this steamer put him to work cleaning up all parts of the vessel, helping the cook, and all kinds of work. From early in the morning until late at night, he always had something to do . if not in the galley in other parts of the vessel.

After some weeks the vessel arrived at the port of Valparaiso and immediately upon arriving there he deserted the vessel, and worked his wat toward the mountains where he secured work in the mines. He staid in this country for four years , and then worked his way north as far as the port of San Juan del Sur on the coast of Nicaragua. Arriving here he secured work in a lumber business in the city of Managua. He informed me that Nicaragua produced a great amount of hardwood lumber, principally ebony, and other very hard timber. He remained in this country three years and then worked his way to San Francisco on an oil steamer. Here he was employed in all kinds of work, principally as stevedore, but when these went on strike recently he had not been able to do anything since.

About this time he was joined by a couple of his friends, or acquaintances , and they went away and left me.

The above is all I have to report at present, but I shortly expect to have more information on the above party, and perhaps I may have something to say regarding an old Indian woman, who is a native born real Mexican Indian, from the state of Sonora, in Mexico.

Frank J Taforo

Frank J. Taforo

Dr Paul Radin;

Para complir con su instruciones de obtener cierta informacion me fuí a un parque situado en la calle Stockton cerca de la calles de Union y Filbert. En este parque se ayaron muchos hombres, mas ó menos sin trabajo, de varios classes y de varios nacionalidad, pues Italianos, Mejicanos, Austriacos, Portugeses, y con una mesclura de Irlandeses.

Era un dia muy bueno, el sol brillaba con fuerza, y yo me metía acerca de algunos o otros en el asiento ablando con uno o otro para descubrir la cierta informacion deseada.

El primer dia resultó en nada de importancia pero enlos dias siguente me encontre con un hombre que era un estibadore en los muelles de San Francisco y que no habia trabajado mas de dies o doce semanas. Este hombre era talvez de treinta oiho años de edad, se aparecía bastante fuerte, y su aspecto era tal que no dejaba a uno dudarse de lo que mé dijó.

Su cuento era como sige-

Este era nativo de Barcelona y su padre era un mercador de provisiones cerca de los muelles del dicho puerto. Quando el tenia dies y ocho anos de edad se arranco de la casa de su padre y se embarco secreto en un vapor de Alemania que se iba al puerto de Santiago, o Valparaiso en la costa de Chile. El dia siguente lo descubrieron y el capitan del vapor lo puso trabajando limpiando por todas partes del vapor, y ayudando al cocinero, y trabajitos de todas clases. Desde muy temprano en la manana hasta muy tarde de la noche siempre tenia alguna cosa de hacer, sino en la cocina talvez en otras partes.

Despues de quantas semanas se hailo en el puerto de Valparaiso y en el instante que se apparecio allí dejó el vapor y se encamino para las montanas a trabajar en las minas. Se estuvo en esté pais mas de quatro anos y entonces se fué en un vapor que tocó en el puerto de Managua en la costa de Nicaragua. Aquí se desembarcó y se fue a trabajar en un negocio de madera. Me dijo que la principal clase de madera era de ebano, y madera dura. Se quedó en este pais mas de tres años y entonce se venió a San Francisco en un vapor de aceite.

Aquí se trabajaba en varias maneras principalmente como estibadore, pero quando esos fueron "on strike" lo dejó sin trabajo alguno.

Por este tiempo de el cuento se acercó un amigo de el y los dos se fueron por otras partes.

Arriba está todo lo que tengó de decir al presente, con la escepcion que pienso que en corto tiempo talves le puedo decir mas del hombre mencionado, y talvez alguna cosa de una viejita Indió que viene de Mejico, y que es verdadero Indio, de el campo de Sonora.

Frank J Tafoya

Frank J Tafoya

Peter Del Gado

Frank was born November 25, 1896, in a little hamlet called San Pablo, in the Province of Linares, Spain. San Pablo, like all the other little towns in Linares, was a mining town. Frank's father was a miner, and had intended to have his son follow in his line after him.

The miners in Spain, says Frank were at that time the highest paid of Spanish workers. They received anywhere from five pesetas to seven pesetas. The wage of the regular laborer was about two pesetas for fourteen hours work.

Frank did not have any schooling in Spain as it was the custom of the miners to take their sons into the mines with them to help as much as they could. Most of the work under ground was performed on a ~~xxxxx~~ piece-work basis--so much money for each ton of ore removed from the ground. Frank's father and mother were not like other Spaniards from the South of Spain. They could read and write, and by contrast with their compatriots from Malaga, Sevilla and Granada ~~xxxx~~ were intelligent people. Frank had no brothers, but four sisters.

In 1906 a strike was called in the Linares mines and Frank's father became a leader in a movement to wrest the mines from the owners, with the result that he, with many others were sent to jail. The old man served one year from a three year sentence. When he was released he could see no hope of ever returning to work in the only line in which he was adept, and decided that the only thing to do, rather than do a laborer's chores for two pesetas a day was to leave Spain and seek his fortune elsewhere. Frank's father had hea-

rd of the fabulous riches in America, especially in California, and made up his mind to emigrate to the new land.

There was no possible way that the family could come to California. They had no money to pay for transportation or anything else. Days passed and Frank's father dreamed about California and the mines there. He moved from Linares to Cadiz where he could be closer to the boats that plied between that town and New York. His intention was to get work on board some ship and then leave it in New York. From there he knew that he could reach California without difficulties.

One afternoon as Frank's father left work on the waterfront he decided to go over to Gibraltar and look for something better in his line to do. He found no work there, but was told at one of the English saloons that there was a boat coming from Hawaii to take Spanish families to the islands to work in the cane fields. The old man was an elated individual as he return to his home that night with the news.

Three days later, about November, 1907, Frank, his parents, and sisters boarded the ship Willesden for Honolulu. The old man had no desire to work in the sugar-cane fields, but he knew that Honolulu was not far from California which was his ultimate destination.

The fifty-five days of the journey were the most miserable days that Frank's father has ever experienced. When the family left Gibraltar they had about five dallars. This money they spent the first week on the boat as the food was

so poor that they had to buy whatever they could. Then the money had run out the family was left at the mercy of the boat fare which for the most part consisted of beans with some sort of middling mixed in. This concoction was served twice a day and six days a week.

In addition to the misery brought about by the lack of food there was sickness to cope with. Most of the children were sick on account of the improper food given them. It was not uncommon to have two or three dead babies cast into the water every day. At last the ship reached Honolulu.

Frank's father tried to remain in the city, but it was no use, he was compelled to leave for one of the plantation in the Island of Hawaii. The old man was not accustomed to the kind of work given him and found life very miserable. He refused to work completely. Frank was taken out of school and started to provide for the family. Two of his sister also helped in earning a livelihood for the family.

When Frank was about 15 years old he left his family and went to Hilo--a small city of about 12000 population in the Island of Hawaii--six miles from the plantation.

Frank secured work with a building contractor in the city as a laborer. His wages was 75¢ per day. At lunch time when all the boys on the job, after finishing eating, were playing about, Frank always took a trowl and began to experiment with it. At night when all the bricklayers were quiting work he laid a few bricks with the bricklayers at guard until the day came when he bought himself all the inplements of the trade and

got a job as a bricklayer.

He worked in Hilo for about three years and then went to Honolulu. Here he worked at his trade and became one of the best bricklayers in the city. Later he went into the building business. He became one of the greatest contractors in Honolulu. He married a Portuguese girl and they have two sons.

In the meantime his father and family had left Hawaii and were in California. The old man was working in a mine in Grass Valley. His twhree daughters were married and his wife had died. The old man continually wrote his son Frank to come to California where more money could be made. After much persuation Frank sold his business in Honolulu and came to San Francisco. He did not have very much luck here.

Frank discovered that there were more bricklayers in San Francisco than there was work for. Nor could he get into business for himself. The result was that after one year of workless days he went to join his father in Grass Valley. He started to work in one of the mines there. After he saved some money he ~~ha~~ bought a grocery store in Grass Valley. He operated his store very successfully until the depression came in ~~xxxx~~ 1929.

The mines in Grass Valley were shut down and the customers which he had could not pay their bills. The result was that after ~~three~~ three years of hard times he found himself broke and came back to San Francisco.

Upon his arrival in the city he secured employment in a Spanish grocery store and worked there as a clerk until 1935.

In 1935 he bought his own store on Harrison St. where he now makes a livelihood for himself and family.

Del Gado

Biography of a Spanish Immigrant

Joe was born in a litle town called Marbella in the province of Malaga, Spain. When he was 6 years old his parents left Spain for Hawaii, in which Island Joe lived with his parents until 1916 when they came to California, settling in an orchard in Loomis, Calif.

Joe says that there were many reasons why his parents emigrated to Hawaii: His father, being a laborer, earned only about 40¢ per day. For this meager sum he was required to toil from 6 AM to 7 P.M. And worse of all many days when it rained and the ground was to wet to till there was no work at all. Workers in Spain, although they were honest and willing to pay for things they bought, were, nevertheless denied credit at the stores because the store-man knew that regardless of the worker's integrity

and his good intention he could never pay his bills. It was a very common thing in Malaga that when a worker laid off work for one day he went without his meals.

Another thing that prompted Joe's father to leave Spain was the war with the Riffs. Spain always conscripted her youth to be sent to Morocco to war with the unfortunate natives and take their land away from them only to be given to some Spanish nobleman for the latter to keep his polo horses, or to raise prize Bulls for the arenas.

There was a time in Southern Spain when the government willingly abetted emigration. There was a surplus in the nation and it was easier for the Spanish government to arrange passage to Brazil or wherever possible than it was for them to feed the unemployed. So, for years, this is the reason so many

Spaniards emigrating.

It happened, however that all those who could, soon left Spain with the result that cheap labor began to be scarce. Wages rose from 40¢ per day, to 60¢ and 75¢. The owners of property became alarmed and sent an S. O. S. to those in charge of emigration to stop the exodus at once. Emigration was stopped.

Meanwhile the sugar planters in Hawaii discovered that the Spaniards were better cane workers than the Japanese or Filipinos, and began calling for emigrants to Hawaii. Since Spain had stopped emigration, the cane growers from Hawaii made arrangements with the British government to allow Spaniards to embark at Gibraltar. And so it was that most of the Spaniards ~~that~~ who came to Hawaii came from Gibraltar and not from Spain.

Now Joe's father having heard

that there was a boat called the "Leo Polo" docked at Hiwalton waiting for a consignment of families to Hawaii made arrangements, and being a good working, honest, and not very intelligent, was accepted on board the ship which was to sail at once.

Joe being only six and not very strong almost died on the trip. The journey across the Atlantic lasted 56 days, and all this time the poor emigrants were almost starved. The food was poor and scarce.

On the 56th day the Leo Polo landed in Honolulu, and each family was allotted to some plantation. Joe's parents came to a plantation called Oroma in the Island of Hawaii. His father and mother both went to work in the fields. He was paid $24.00 monthly and she receiving only $18.00, although they sometimes worked side by side.

Joe did not have an opportunity to attend school, as the school was 6 miles from the plantation and he was too young, and left too feeble from the voyage to walk that distance. However, there lived an old Portuguese widow who taught ten children some reading and writing for her meals.

When Joe was ten he started to work in the cane fields with his father & mother. He worked 10 hrs. a day for $8 per mo. 26 days per mo.

In 1916 Joe's parents, himself, and two brothes, born in Onomea, Hawaii left the island and came to San Francisco. They did not like the city and from San Francisco went to Loomis where his father went to work on a peach orchard.

Joe was placed in school at once. And he learned rapidly. When he graduated from High School he decided that he wanted to see more of America, and took a

freight train for New York. After being arrested twice and three months hobboing he arrived at the Big City. This was in 1926 and there was many jobs to be had in New York. Since Joe had no trade he took a job washing dishes in a restaurant and speakeasy on 47 st & 5th Ave. He was paid $26 per week and board (quite a contrast with his $6 per month in Italy) Joe liked to be a cook and kept washing dishes and learning his trade. After two years of dish washing Joe bought himself some cook's implements & started to work as a fry cook. He was being paid $40 per week now. He cultivated a yen to become a big chef and kept on cooking and studying the culinary art.

In 1929 Joe decided to take a trip to his native Spain. He had saved $2000. And with this

he booked passage on the S.S. Manuel Arnow and sailed for Barcelona, Spain. From there to Malaga.

Back in his native town Joe saw a girl he liked and married her. Joe wanted to be a Chef and he felt that he must learn some French so he went to Paris with his bride. In Paris he worked as a dish-washer and learned enough of the Culinary Art to secure a Chef's position when he arrived in New York in 1931, at $75 per week.

Things began to get bad and Joe left New York to return to Loomis California.

Joe's father was getting too old to manage the orchard and Joe took Charge. When his father died he sold the place and Came to San Francisco where he bought a restaurant near Telegraph Hill.

Peter Del Gado

John is thirty-six years old. He is dark-complexioned to a degree where he looks more like a Mexican than a Spaniard. He is tall, although his body is slightly bend at this early age as a result of many hard days of toil and misery. He is congenial and very pleasant to talk to. He has two daughters, one twelve years old and the other nine. His wife is an Italian-American.

John was born June 12, 1900, in a little village called Coin, in the Probince of Malaga. (Spain) His father was a tiller of the soil and lived, like all the Spanish workers of the time, in dire need. When John's father found his three sons growing old enough to "serve the king" which meant that they would soon be conscripted to Morroco to fight the Riffs, he decided to leave Spain and travel to Brazil where his brother was. The brother had written to Spain telling of the hard times in Brazil, but even in spite of that John's father thought Brazil would be better than Spain. At least his sons would not have to go to Africa to be starved or killed or maimed for life. Going to Morroco, so far as John's father was concerned, was nothing more than suicide for the soldiers. Those that were not killed by the enemy were poisoned to death by the insects and sometimes by the food that reached them. And after all for what? Merely to collect more land for some worthless Count or Duke, who already had more land than he knew what to do with. After the Spanish soldiers won certain pieces of land it was given to some capitalist, the soldier, if he lived, could come over in the next few years and work there for two pesatas a day. (40¢)

So it was that after ponder over all this things that John's father started for Brazil. He sold everything he owned: one goat

a donkey, and other trifles and started for Malaga, where he was to embark for Brazil. It happened that John had been sick for some time prior to this time and a tumor had appeared on the back of his neck. Before the emigrants were allowed to embark they were given a physical and mental examination, and when the doctor came to John and saw the tumor on his nape he turned his down.

Finding himself excluded from the emigrant boat John's father went to work on the waterfront,in the hope that some other emigrant ship would not be so scrict, or wait until his son's tumor healed.

It was not long after this episode that a ship called the Leo Polo arrived in Gibraltar from the Hawaiian Islands. John's father went to the English ship and inquired about emigration to Honolulu. By this time John's illness had left him and once again the family started to travel. This time from Malaga to Gibraltar.

On a cold winter afternoon the Leo Polo pulled anchor and turned her nose toward Lisbon, Portugal, where she was to add to her human cargo. After two days in Lisbon the Leo Polo sailed for Honolulu. This was in November, 1909.

Exactly fifty-six days after the ship left Lisbon it reached Honolulu. Many emigrants died during the voyage. The food had been very bad and also very scarce. More than one hundred babies died and were thrown into the ocean. Small pox, measels and other plagues invaded the ship, and as there were only two doctors, both of whom cared very little about anyone's health, those of the weakest babies on the ship that did not die arrived in Honolulu almost dead.

From the ship the immigrants were taken to various plantations.

and put to work in the sugar-cane fields. John came to a plantation called Honomu, in the Island of Hawaii. The Spaniards discovered that all the promises of good houses, good drinking water, and education facilities for the children, promised them before embarking were no wheres to be seen. Instead of a good house they were given shanties. The furnishings consisted of an empty oil can fixed with holes to be used as a stove; a large sack to be filled with straw and used for a mattress. The drinking water came in flumes. The flumes were used to carry the cane to the mill, and during the cane-cutting time the water was filthy with cane leaves, insects and whatnot. The school were far from from the camps. There was only one school to every two or three plantations.

John went to work in the fields as his father was only earning $24 per month. Two years after the Spanish immigrants arrived at the plantation John's father bought a cow. The following year he bought another and then John quit working in the field and devoted his time ti caring for the animals. He went far into the hills to bring grass for his cows, and also worked on a Kapa kahe(a kapakahe is a piece of land around the foothills that the company's machines cannot work, and is given to the workers on a fifty-fifty basis). John would rise at five in the morning, milk his cows and set out to deliver the milk. This done he took them around to browse, left them and went out in search of feed for them for the night. Meanwhile he was not attending school at all. John was now twelve years old and did not even know his alphabet. His parents could not teach him because they were both illiterate.

When John was fifteen he left the plantation and went to work in a restaurant in Hilo, a city of 12,000 population in the Island of Hawaii. He washed dishes during the night and attended school during the day. For some reason or other John always wanted to be a writer. He studied hard, reading all the books he could find.

In 1918 John heard that there was much work in California, so he said good-bye to his family and sailed for San Francisco. He took a job as a dishwasher here, also working nights and going to school during the day. When he graduated from grammar school he left San Francisco for New York. There he worked as a cook and attended school during nights. He learned both Spanish and English. In 1923 John had a high school diploma. He left New York and returned to San Francisco. He went to school no more, but read avidly all the books on literature and many text books on short story writing.

About this time he went to work in the offices of the American Tobacco Co., met an Italian girl there and married her. Two years later he sold his first short story to Street & Smith. He did not get enough money for it and quit writing. He also quit his office job and went to Loomis,California, where he leased an orchard, from which he made a good living.

In 1928 he left the ranch and bought a store in Roseville, California. Business was good until the S. P. Co. began to lay off workers up there. The unemployed men could not pay their bills and John went broke. He returned to work in San Francisco, but in 1932 was laid off himself. He went around looking for work, but found nothing. In 1933 he joined the unfortunate relief rabble. Today he is still there. He has taking up writing again

Peter Del Gado

Fred was born in a little town called San Pedro, in the Province of Malaga, Spain. His parents were very poor, and, as ix was the traditional habit among the peasants of Spain, had seven children. Fred was the oldest.

Fred says that papents in Spain have big families as a means of economic security. Wages paid the peasants there are so small that it is imposible for anyone to save money for his old age. The idea then is to have enough children so that one of them will always provide for the old folks. It is not uncommon for a father in Spain, after he has become obsolete on the working market, to devide his remaining life among his children: one day he may eat at the home of one and the next day at the home of another. It would be impossible for any one son to provide for his father as he himself has a hard time in supporting his own family.

Fred's father was not very fond of this ugly means of exsistance. He opined that there must be a remedy somehow to cure this terrible thing. He had heard of emigration to Brazil, but the stories told by this people were not favorable even to Fred's father. Families who had emigrated to Brazil returned with horrible tales of misery and slavery. In the meantime Fred's father began to realize that his four sons were day by day growing older, and the day would soon come when the government would conscript them to serve the king against the Riffs in Morocco. The old man did not believe in war. He had nothing ix for which his sons should fight. He knew little or nothing about the Riffs. It seemed to him another war akin to that of Cuba in which he had lost two brothers. Helpless as he found himself, Fred's father did not

gine up hope that providence would find a way.

One day as Fred's father had finished his load of vegatables at the plaza in Malaga he decided to take a walk (not the Al Smith kind) along the waterfront. He met a man who told him that at Gibraltar there lay a boat called the Willesden which was to sail for the Hawaiian Islands with a consignment of wokers for the sugar-cane fields.

Fred's father was overwhelmed with joy. At last, he thought, his prayers had been answered. He took the few pesetas he had earned by selling his vegetables, and started for Cadiz. The next morning, after a hard night's travel he arrived at Cadiz, from there he crossed the line into Gibraltar.

One week later Fred's father,mother and family were on board the S.S.Willesden bound for Honolulu.

The fifty-six days of the voyage were the hardest Fred has ever experienced. He was seven years old when he left Spain, on November 12, 1907. In Hawaii the family came to live in a little sugar-cane plantation called Paukaa. Fred went to school until he was ten years old, than he went to work with the women gang hoing weeds in the fields and doing any such chores around the plantation as the company deemed him able to do.

The women who worked in the fields were for the most part Puerto Ricans, some Portuguese, and a few Japanese. They were paid $18 per month. Fred only received $10. The men were paid $28,$24, and$20 according to their nationality. The Portuguese and Spaniards received $28, the Japanese and ~~the~~ Puerto Ricans received $24 and the Filipinos received only $20. All these different people worked side by side, yet the company explained

that it cost some persons more to live than others, and therefore the difference in pay.

When Fred's brothers were old enough to work in the fields they replaced him and Fred went to school again. The school was far from the plantation and it took Fred two hours of walking to get there. Sometimes he would ride a donkey, the property of the plantation Luna (foreman). There were only four boys fortunately enough to enjoy the luxury of riding a donkey to school. These were the sons of the Lunas, the son of a japanese storekeeper, and some of the native children. Acquiring a donkey in Hawaii was not a difficult thing as the island was full of them and one could be bought for three or four dollars. But Fred never had the three or four dollars to spend on so foolish a thing, so his father told.

It so happened that all the Japanese laborers got together and bought a wagon and two old mares to carry their children to school and back in the afternoon. It also happened that the Japanese children, after attending the compulsory American classes, remained in school three hours later to receive a native education. Since Fred was now going to school with the Japanese boys it was easier for him to remain three hours in the Japanese class than it was for him to walk home the five miles journey from Hilo to Paukaa.

After three years of attending both the English and the Japanese classes, Fred could speak good English, fair Japanese, and his native Spanish. When he was in the fifth grade of the grammar school economic presure forced Fred to quit school and return to the canefields.

Fred always wanted to be a business man, but he thought that the time would never come when he would have enough money to set himself up a grocery store, which was what he wanted most.

When Fred was sixteen he left the plantation and went to Hilo where, because he spoke English, Spanish and Japanese, he secured employment at once in a grocery store owned by a Portugese slave-driver named Emil Osorio. Fred says Mr. Osorio was the first person in the Island of Hawaii to own an automobile.

Fred worked for this man about two years and saved some money. His brothers were now old enough to help their parents, and Fred kept for himself all the money he earned. He wanted to travel as much as ~~possible~~ as possible and one day he decided to quit the store and try his luck in Honolulu. In Honolulu he read magazines and books about California. The yearn to visit California gripped him and he secured a mess boy's place in the employment roster of the S.S. Matsonia and six days later arrived in San Francisco.

The California metropolis was not at all anything like Fred had expected it to be. It was in the winter season that he arrived and the whether was cold. To him it seemed that the people he met were also cold--spiritually. Fred also discovered, much to his discomfort, that the English he had learned in Hawaii was not the same language that was spoken in San Francisco. In Hawaii the English language is intermingled with Kanaka words and with Portugese and Japanese to such a degree that it is almost a dialect by itself.

Since there were not many Spaniards in San Francisco who could

help Fred, he decided to go to Stockton and try to work at some Japanese ranch. This he easily did since he spoke the Japanese language and could eat their food, which for the most part consists of raw fish, vegetables saturated with ill-smelling sauces and other edibles which a European epicure would not at all recommend.

Fred worked at various places until 1918 when he went to Sacramento and secured a job with the Southern Pacific Co. This was the best work he had ever done. The pay was better than he had ever before received and he was being promoted steadily.

In 1925 Fred had saved $4,000 and decided to go back to Spain and start in business there. In the meantime his parents and family had left Hawaii and had bought a 30 acre ranch in Placer County.

The first thing Fred did when he arrived in Spain was to marry. Then he went into business. His business failed and with only $500 left he decided to return to Sacramento. He had failed to take out his citizenship papers and had a hard time to reenter America. After some unpleasant negotiations he succeeded in getting back into the country, with him his wife and child.

Back in America Fred went back to work for the S.P.Co., and worked for that company until 1930 when he was laid off. He had a little money saved and came to San Francisco, where he bought a grocery store in North Beach.

Fred does not know much about politics, but says that the only solution for the unemployed is to have them force Congress to pass a law to the effect that nobody should work over 5 hrs. per day anywheres in the nation

Peter Del Gado

Biography of a Spanish Immigrant

~~Thirtyxxyxxxx~~
One look is enough to satisfy the interviewer John descends from southern Europeans. His hair is abundant, black, curly. His eyes are a deep brown, steady beneath heavy black eyebrows. The skin, originally olive, has been burned by the sun ~~xxxx~~ until it is a uniform brown. He has a heavy beard, which usually is given three days growth between shaves. He is of medium stature, conservatively dressed on all occasions.

There has been nothing in his life worthy of recording, he says, but if the interview is wanted, he will gladly grant it.

Thirty-five years ago he was born in Estopona, in the provin of Malaga, Spain. His father, a farm ~~x~~ worker, had been married but one year to his mother, the daughter of a farm worker also.

In succeeding years, John's family was increased by two brothers and a sister.

Farm workers in Spain receive from 25 cents to 40 cents ~~xxx~~ daily, depending on their ability to wield a heavy hoe on almost ~~virgin~~ vine lands from which are grown grapes for some of Europe's best wines.

John's father earned top wages always. A small man, hard work from his childhood had hardened him until he was ~~xxxxxx~~ a machine of iron sinews and muscles.

Forty cents a day, even in Spain at the turn of the century, was not sufficient to support a family of six. At the age of seven, John was first employed. It was his task to tramp the cobblestone streets of the village, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ collecting manure scattered by animals herded through streets and ridden by the few members of the upper class. Once each week, John's collectio meanwhile ~~xxx~~ piled near the family home, was sold for fertilizer

Strikes for ~~big~~ more pay were not uncommon. Usually the workers failed because the workers could live not more than one or two days without work, ~~xxxxxx~~ Stores were controlled by the landowners and credit was a word, not an~~xx~~ actuality.

John's father proposed each worker contribute a small portion of his earnings toward a fund from which strikers could draw in ~~to~~ time of strike. The land owners learned of the ~~xxxx~~ proposal and John's father was unable to secure work in any of the ranches of the district.

In desperation he ~~xxx~~ took his family to the seaport city of Malaga. His training on fa~~xx~~ms was of no avail in the city and the family existed for a time by John's success at selling papers.

Along the waterfront where he went to search for work, John's father learned there was employment in the Hawaiian Islands ~~x~~ for farm workers. Transportation was afforded by the Cane planters, ~~ment, at that time possessor of the islands~~. The promise of $24 monthly for common laborers far exceeded the wildest demands of striking Spaniards.

Conditions on the large vessel were ~~xxx~~ bad, but John and his family were accustomed to hardships. Poor food, ~~x~~ lack of sanitary conditions, no medical care were the things expected. On the long sea voyage~~x~~ they were not disappointed. One of John's brothers died en route of ~~xxxxx~~small pox. There were no facilitie on the ship for treatment of the disease. The immigrants consider themselves fortunate that they all did not perish.

Wages on the sugar cane plantations were higher, but ~~so~~ also were living costs. Again John ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ went to work to help balance the family budget. Futher increases in the family did not lighten the load.

For eight years the group eliminated from their plans all luxuries and some necessities. John worked during that period,

twelve hours each day. As he grew older and stronger, his wor became harder.

During that time John received his first bit of learning. The family twice each week was host at the evening meal to a Filipino who could read and write. In exchange the Filipino taught John the fundamentals of writing and reading.

At last the familty had hoarded enough for steerage passage to the United States of America, the end of their rainbow, whcih at first had seemed to be in Hawaii and later seemed still further across the sea.

The final lap of their ocean voyage was by comparison to the trek from Spain a short one. Discomforts were forgotten and the vessel steadily plyed nearer and nearer to the land of equal opportunity.

A light drizzle greeted the family as it stepped for the first time upon American soil. ~~During their stay in Hawaii the United States had come into possession of the islands, but to the members of John's family they did not believe themselves under the American flag until they landed in San Francisco.~~

In the great length of untold wealth and prosperity at last, John and his family spent their few remaining dollars sightseeing. Jobs could be had for the asking, they had been told. After nearly two decades of misery and unending labor, the two days' respite seemed to John's father, to his mother and to the rest of the family the first fulfillment of long-unanswered dreams and prayers.

With two gloriously happy days behind them, the family once again was faced with the problem food, clothing and shelter.

Some one hundred miles inland, John's father knew

a former resident of his native village in Spain, whose letters back to that place had been filled with accounts of large earnings good working conditions and free education for the youngsters.

There went John's family. The friend's stories had been exaggerated, but to some extent they were true.

John's father quickly found work as a section hand worker for the Southern Pacific Company. The work was hard, but they worked only eight hours each day, had Sunday off. Bosses, while overbearing, were mild in their behavior by contrast to those in Spain and in the Islands.

Free education was more than free. It was compulsory. The younger children immediately were enrolled. John now was nearly sixteen, He felt too old for the children with whom he would have to attend school. On the promise he would attend night school courses, he was allowed tax by his parents to become a machinist apprentice at the railroad shops.

The city in which the family settled had a population of about 4,000 persons, a large percentage of them foreigners. The family gained new friendships, gradually purchased a small home. It was an old wooden structure, badly in need of repairs almost continually.

It was their own, however. For the first time John's father and mother did not have to pay rent. The feeling was a pleasant one, though actually taxes and upkeep was a large item in their expenses.

At night school John learned to speak better the English language. He improved his writing to a degree where his letters, while far from being literary examples, were not the hardly legible scrawls which passed his Filipino tutor in Hawaii.

John had learned his trade. He is married, has two children of his own. His sister also is married. One brother has drifted

to Kansas City, where he is a waiter in a cafe. Another broth in a teller in the home town bank. The third brother is employed by the railroad company.

John and his wife are now paying for their own home. They own an automobile, have simple but sufficient clothes. Thei food is chiefly the same as that prepared by his mother, though American dishes have made small inroads into the menu.

John and his wife visit the town's sole theatre for amusement. Most of the reading material is supplied from the home town weekly and the dailies from San Francisco.

Art galleries, operas, best sellers are still as much of a mystery as when John was collecting manure from the streets of Spain. He knows nothing of them; for him they do not exist.

John and his wife are respected by their friends, althoug they are not invited to meetings of the Chamber of Commerce of the county Republican assembly.

His life is quiet. He tells you it should be. He says he has never done anything noteworthy, that there is nothin in his life melodramatic or worthy or recording.

Frank Taforo.

Auto biography of the writer (Con't)

A few months after the fire the offices of the Pacific Mail Stemaship Company by whom I was then employed moved to the Flood Building at Powell and Market street. This was the first building to be rebuilt after the fire ~~in~~ this district and it loomed up almost ~~as~~ a sky scraper, ~~being~~ surrounded on all sides by ruins, and the many small shacks which sprung up as temporary quarters of the firms who had been in business in this locality before the fire. The original walls in this building were not badly damaged, being of steel and stone. The inside, ~~of the building~~ however, had been completely burned out, ~~which to a~~ great extent was more of a help in rebuilding than other wise.

It was at this time that the city of S.F. put through its laws and regulations governing the erection of buildings, particularly in the business section. This has resulted in the erec tion of such handsome and substantial buildings as can now be seen throughout the city. All of the buildings before the fire were of a steel frame ~~only in the supporting walls~~ the supporting walls only., the inferior walls and partions being of wooden construction, the first all steel and concrete building to be erected after the fire was the Pacific Building at 4th and Market street. This was ~~quite~~ a curiosity at the time, this type of construction ~~being~~ was then new to the Western Coast ~~at that time~~.

I remained with the Pacific Mail ~~unil~~ until 1908 at which time I ~~heard of~~ secured a better position ~~being opened and secured the same~~ as general office man and accountant with a construction and engineering firm specializing in the construction of gold dredges ~~and~~ mining operations and similar lines. This position paid me $200 per month and I remained with ~~them~~ the firm for over seven years ~~of~~ until 1914 ~~at which time~~ the war in Europe broke out and everything was upset in this country.

It might be noted in passing that at this time there was considerable English capital invested ~~in this country~~ in gold mining and other industries in California. The sudden withdrawal of this capital fee ~~as~~ further develo ment ~~was concerned~~ of the project already under way ~~simply~~ meant that all previous work ~~on these projects~~ was ~~at a~~ loss if further capital was not forth coming at certain periods to carry

On the work. My employer, who had control of over half a million dollars previous to this time, found himself in a rather ~~peculiar~~ desperate circumstance. He made several trips to N.Y. and London early in 1914, but in August of that year the war actually broke out and the organization could not carry on.

Plans had been made to reclaim thousands of acres of dredged land in the Sacramento Valley, after the land had been dredged and its gold ~~cntent~~ extracted there had remained nothing but huge piles of tailings after the soil passed through the dredge. This project called for the removal and breaking up of this rock for rock building and similar purposes, and the replacing of the soil for the ~~p~~planting of oranges, grapes and similar products. A huge rock-crushing plant had been erected and the proposition was getting along very well ~~all~~ in accordance with the plans ~~when the war came along. These plans~~ called for an investment of $25,000,000. ~~so it can be understood just how large it was.~~

~~With the stoppoave~~ of the capital necessary to carry on the work, ~~of course,~~ further development at the time was, ~~also~~ stopped. The project, however, ~~It~~ was not ~~however~~ a total loss.

The concern was able to carry on part of the original ~~project~~ through the returns of the gold-dredging operations, ~~and of course at the present time with~~ gold at ~~bringing~~ $35 an ounce.

Peter Del Gado

Biography Of A Spanish IMMigrant

John is forty years old. He is wizened at this early age as a result of many years of hard work and many disappoints in life. His eyes, starry and glinting with scorn, are always searching round as though they were the only medium of expression. He is nervous,and and it seems that the hardships he has encountered all through life are now taking its toll.

John was born in the city of Malaga, Spain. His father was a peasant, illiterate and were 60% of the Spaniard in those days, and his mother was equally untutored and ignorant. John says that his father worked as sharecropper in a hacienda on the outsquirts of Malaga. And although he worked hard and spent little there was never enough bread in the house for the family to eat. John has a sister and she also helped. But, nevertheless, it was no use in trying to get ahead of the bills while at the hacienda.

When John was about 13 years old his father died and he was left with the responsibilities of the house. The three of them, John, his mother and sister worked the hacienda the best they could without ever making any money for themselves. He had not had a chance as yet to attend school at all. He spoke only the dialect of the probince and taking everything into consideration was very much uninformed with the ways of the world.

About this time the first emigration ships were leaving Spain for the Hawaiian Islands and John decided that it would be best if he left his mother and sister in the hacienda and he came to Hawaii. He thought that no matter how bad things would be in the new land they could not possibly be any worse off than in Spain. Besides, there was the army to think about. He had only

three more years before he would be conscripped into the army to be taken to Morroco, where Spain was continuously in war with the Riffs. John had no desire to go to war.

It happened that there was a neighbor who's son, about the same age as John, died when he was very young and the father of the child agreed to sign John as he son and bring him to Hawaii. It was only after much persuasion that John's mother allowed the neighbor to take John with him. The young boy promised to work in Hawaii, save all his money and sent for his mother and sister.

On a cold November afternoon the ship Leo Polo left Cadiz with some 400 families consigned to Hawaii. John was one of these persons who had left everything they loved back with the hope of improving their economic condition elsewhere.

For fifty days and nights the cargo of serfs sat pensively in their cots or sauntered around the ship wonder where they were being taken to, whether or not they would starve to death before they arrived there, and whether they had taken a wise step in leaving their native country. For bad as Spain was, at least there they understood the language.

The meals on the Leo Polo were bad. The emigrants were only given two meals a day. Breakfast consisted of tea--or a concoction disguised as such--and hard bread. This meager meal was served at 7A.M. and there was nothing else to eat until 4P.M. at which time a bowl of garvanzos mixed with cheap flour was served them. There was no milk on the boat and those mothers who had babies to feed from their breast found it hard to produce enough milk to feed the child on such small rations of food. John says that it was not uncommon for the officers on board the

ship to cast into the sea two or three little starved corpses daily.

Sometimes some of the mothers would take a gaunt child by the hand and walk to the galley to beg for food from the Chinese cooks. The Chinese cooks were very cruel they would eat their nice white rice in the presence of the starving child and never give the child a bite. When the Chinese cooks cleaned the galley they would throw food into the ocean before they would give it away to the Spanish emigrants. Sometimes they would hold out a bowl of rice and ask a Spanish woman if she would be willing to give him what he wanted. As the woman replied that she would die first,th cook would throw the rice into the water and laugh uproariously.

And so the trip went on until the fifty-fifth day of the voyage when it docked in Honolulu, T. H.

The planters at the various plantations had been notified beforehand that a shipment of workers were to arrive and as a consequence they were waiting at the docks for the emigrants when the latter arrived.

So far as the workers were concerned they did not know one plantation from another. They chose their plantations as a man chooses a lotery ticket. One planter wouls shout: 'Who wants to come to my plantation?' He would name the plantation and give its distance from Honolulu. Then he would lie telling the victim that at his plantation the schools for the children were the nearest to the camp and also telling the workers that on his plantation the drinking water was the most pure. They told all kinds of lies and one was as bad as the other--so John says.

The family with which John had come over, like all the rest, chose any plantation at random, and so they came to Paukaa. The respective planters would only allow ten families to come to the same plantation.

When John arrived at Paukaa he was told that he was too weak to work in the cane fields, and since the friend that brought him over could not support him, John went to Hilo and took a job as bootblack. He could not earn much money shining shoes and many days went with only one meal.

Meanwhile his mother and sister back in Spain wrote him and asked John to send them some money for them to come with him. John said that he wrote back pitiful letters telling his mother that Hawaii was just as cruel to the working man as Spain. He did not ever tell her of his days without food. The old lady was growing older and besides being always hungry, she now had an additional worry, since her boy was so far from home. She died two years after John's departure from Spain.

In 1906 when the S.S.Willesden made her last trip to Hawaii John's sister, who was fifteen years old came over. She was supposed to have been the daughter of some family.

John's sister joined him in Hilo. She took employment in a private home, and although she did not make much money always had enough to eat. It happened that she went to work for a wealthy Chinese merchant who had a son about thirty years old. The young girl, unaccustomed to the ways of the world and not knowing what the morrow would bring for her or her brother, married the Chinese.

When the young Chinese married his father gave him full control of the store, and the elder Chinese retired.

John was very happy with his Chinese brother-in-law. The merchant sent John to school and the boy learned rapidly. After school he would take a team of mules and a wagon and delivered groceries to the various plantations.

Time went on and John grew to become a merchant himself. He opened a store and prospered. He returned to Spain and married. At the present time he has seven children.

In 1917 the Chinese and John's sister left Hilo, Hawaii and came to San Francisco to start a business here. He was not very successful. He closed his store and left for Stockton. He failed there too. He returned to Hilo without money and downhearted. John expressed a desire to come to San Francisco and sold his store and came to San Francisco. He went into the farming business. He had saved about $4000 when in 1929 the depression took every cent he had. When he lost his farm he became radical and began to organize the workers in the rural districts. He was arrested many times. His wife divorced him in 1934. Without a wife to impede his activities he became more active than ever. He became very active in the waterfront strike in San Francisco and again was arrested. He served six months in the county jail and when he was released he resumed his activities. John say he is not a member of the Cummunist Party but he says he is a radical.

John has learned that in Spain the people are now under a semi-Socialistic form of government and intends to leave for New York in the very near future. From New York he will take the first boat he can get and return to his native Spain.

See page 4 & 5-6

Peter Del Gado

Biography Of A Spanish IMmigrant

Frank was born in the city of Cadiz, one of Spain's leading seaports on the Mediterranean. Being untutored and never having seen the indide of a schoolroom, Frank at a very early age was compelled to start out in the world making his own living.

Today Frank is corpulent, weighing about 190 pounds. He is 65 years old, and has four children, two of which are deaf-mutes. Frank's wife died in Hawaii. His children handicapped as they are cannot help him. Of course he has one son who is physically and mentally able to compete with his comrades in the working world, but this son married at ah early age and has handicapped himself with six children of his own.

The other child is a daughter and since she married a filipino in Stockton, In 1925 the father has ostracized her to a point where he never wants to see her. He knows not of her whereabouts nor cares. (Such are the ways of the old Spaniards).

Frank ekes out an existance by going down to the markets every morning and cleaning around the places where vegetables are handled. He id given a sack full of produce which he in turn sells to the Spanish population around North Beach. Sometimes his married son sends him a box or two of fresh fruits from the orchards in which he works. This, too, he peddles around until it is sold.

~~WhenxFrankxwas~~
In 1909 Frank realized that there was nothing for him or his children in Spain, and decided to emigrate. Spain at that time

had no schools for the deaf. In fact the nation boasted of very little schools as a whole. The few schools in the nation were Catholic institutions, and the children of the working class, since they could not pay, were not taught well.

It was one winter afternoon that Frank and his wife and four children left Cadiz to Gibraltar where the S.S.Willesden was awaiting a shipment of emigrants for the sugar cane fields of Hawaii.

During the journey Frank had a little more luck than did the other emigrants. He, having been a cook in the army, was chosen one of the men to prepare the food for the emigrants. There were many Chinese cooks in the ship also, but since they could not do all the work it was necessary to get a few Spaniards.

Frank was a good cook and the officers of the ship engaged him to cook for them. He always stole a few bits of food to take to his hungry wife and children. Sometimes, the morning after some of the ship's officers had been on a drunken spree, they would not touch their eggs and coffee, and this Frank brought to his family. He did chores, too, and was paid enough to buy a little liquor for himself, for Frank liked to drink.

After 56 days of hard going on the boat the trip ended in Honolulu. In Honolulu they were held for 30 days pending some sort of settlement. Here the food was somewhat better. At least Frank says the families were fed three times daily and had all the bread they wanted. The 30 days of Lazaretto over, the immigrants were given their choice of going to whatever plantation they chose to work.

But one plantation was like another to them as they knew nothing of any of them. Frank landed in a plantation Called Papaikou, seven miles from the city of Hilo, in the bigest island of the group, Hawaii.

The climate of Hawaii was pleasant, but it rained almost every day. The Spaniards, not accustomed to working in the rain, often took sick, and many died. In Hawaii, as in Spain, Frank discovered that his deaf and mute children had no opportunity to educate themselves. There were no such schools as the children might attend. In fact, there were few schools at all.

Frank decided that Hawaii was not what the leaflets which had been didtributed there proclaimed it. He realized that he he merely jumped from the frying pan into the proverbial fire. What to do he did not know. The plantation moguls were always inventing some new scheme by which they could rob the immigrants of what little money they had. There were rafles every Sunday, or something else. One payday Frabk bought a ticket for a chicken ~~fx~~ rafle. It cost him his customery gallon of wine which he generally got on paydays.

Payday was the only happy day the immigrants had. On this day the poor slaves would all contribute ~~xxxx~~ to the wine pool and then one of them would walk the seven miles to Hilo and buy a gallon of wine. Back home they would drink, eat whatever they had and sing the old songs of their native land. For one night they forgot their troubles; they drowned their sorrows in alcohol and for the time transplanted themselves into a Utopia of their own.

But this was not always the case on paydays. Sometimes Frank went down to the plantation office to receive his check and

instead of getting a check all he received was a note informing him that he was in debt to the company. Then Frank became morose and downhearted, Even in Spain he always managed to get a drink of wine somewheres--somehow. Even when he was in service to the king in Morocco he managed to steal some officer's shoes, sell them to a Riff and get enough money out of the transaction for a couple of day's revelry.

But,now, here he was in a God condemned country. Here he was away from his brothers; away from all his friends, working ten hours a day, sometimes in a burning sun and sometimes in a torrential rain, and for what? Always there was a balance due to the company store. When his oldest son began to help him with the ten dollars he earned slaving his ten hours it made no difference. He was told that the prices of groceries had gone up. Anyway this was hell proper. Too much work, no money and not even a lousy dollar at the end of the month left over to buy himself a drink of wine and forget his troubles.

The first day Frank went to work in the plantation he only had a piece of dry bread and some dry, salty codfish to eat for lunch. When the Luna (foreman) blew his whistle it was raining and Frank just held his bread out to get it wet before eating it, when the bread was soft with water from the sky he washed the salt out of the codfish and ate it. Some lunch, he thought. He then took hia knife and cut a stalk od sugar cane to finish his meal.

When he had thrown this ugly concoction into his stomach his insides began to revolt. He became sick with pains. For the first time in his life Frank cried. He was a God-fearing person, so he went into the dense cane and prayed:

God, he murmured, Why have you forsaken me. Have I come here to starve. Mahe I left my native land only to eat dry bread and codfish, mangoes and guavas. Then Frank began to think that there was really no God. That it was all make-believe. How could there be a good God and still so much suffering.

Then Frank stopped going to church on Sunday mornings. He did not fear any god. If there was a God her was so cruel that Frank hated him. If there wasn't one what the hell did it matter. Instead of going to church on Sunday mornings with the Portugease Lunas Frank went to work with a Japanese on his Pale.(Note;

> A Pale is a piece of land which the company machines cannot work because of its steepness, and is leased out to Japanese for them to work by hand. The Japanese have their wives work on these Pales and then when they sell the company the sugar-cane they have raised often clear one or two thousand dollars per ten acres. Later the Spaniards, too, took up Pales and by working them saved enough money to buy their passage tickets to California. A pale is also called a Capakahe, which means, in Kanaka a precipice.

And so it was that Frank worked on Pales every Sunday and made an extra dollar which he spend for wine. Later, after he had learned all about these Pales he took one of his own. The first year he did not make much money, as the sugar was cheap. One afternoon, when the chicken rafle was drawn Frank found himself the winner of ten hens. He sold them and bought more wine.

About this time Franks wife took sick with malnutrition and died. Frank's hardships was increased with the care of the children. In 1917, the second year Frank had leased his Pale, America entered into the World War and the price of sugar went up. After Frank's crop was cut and sent to the mill he received about $2000 . At once he packed up and went to Honolulu. From

Honolulu he took the first boat he could get to San Francisco.

In January 1918 Frank arrived in San Francisco with his family.

Things were very tough at that time. Frank could find no work and he had no friends. He went to the American Red Cross for help. The Red Cross found work for his daughter doing housework. They lived in San Francisco until the asparagus season started and then the Red Cross send them to Walnut Grove to work in an asparagus ranch. He worked here for many years. During this time his daughter married as did one of the sons. the other two sons, being deaf and dumb are still unmarried. They are working in an orchard in Marysville.

In 1928 Frank had about $5000 saved up. Some of his old time friends told him that he should buy an orchard and quit working. Frank took their advice and bought himself a peach orchard in Loomis, California. He raised Phillip peaches.

In 1929 the price of peaches went very low. The cannery would not buy Phillips at all, and Frank had to morgaged his orchard. In 1931 the Earl Fruit Co. took the place over and Frank came to San Francisco to eke out a livelihood as best he could.

Frank says that the present revolution in Spain will be killed within a day or two. He says the Fascisti group in Spain are a bunch of shameless, ruthless reactionaries who will be crushed to the last damn man. Frank says that if he were thirty years younger he would go to Spain and help the Socialist Government reform the country.

Peter Del Gado 4/10/36

last page good

Biography of a Spanish Immigrant

Antonio was born in a little village, near Malaga, in Spain. When he was eight years old he was compelled to leave his home and take employment with the landowner on which hacienda his father was a sharecropper. The child Antonio, becoming a goatherd at the age of eight, was deprived of an education ~~and~~ OR even an opportunity to learn any sort of a trade.

When Antonio was twenty years old he left the hacienda and went to work on the waterfront of Malaga. He could neither read nor write. There were no night schools in the city which he could utilize. He had worked two years on the waterfront when a strike took place. Antonio took a leading part in the strike activities and consequently was arrested by the police for inciting a riot. Brought before an adamant judge who was not inclined to be lenient to strikers, Antonio was sentenced to serve one year in jail. Antonio took advantage of his confinement and when he was released from jail after serving his term he could read and write almost fluently.

He returned to his native village of Marbella and married. Conditions grew worse in Marbella: there was little work, and when Antonio found work it was only at two pesetas a day.

Ten years of unpropitious married life brought Antonio

7 children

seven children. These, himself and wife, he had to feed, shelter and chothe on two pesetas a day. The children were going hungry, and almost naked. Already his elder son was sent out to the proverbial landowner to herd goats for his found. Antonio forebode the predicament in which he found himself. He feared the fate of his children. He did not want them to grow up as he did, without an education and in as a precarious position as were the laborers in his village. Moreover, his sons were gwowing older and the time would soon come when they would be conscripted and sent to Morocco to kill and be killed.

One day Antonio decided ~~decided~~ to leave Marbella and return to Malaga and the waterfront. In Malaga he heard that a ship had come to Gilbraltar from the Hawaiian Islands, and was to return to Honolulu with a "cargo" of emigrants for the sugar-cane plantations. Antonio became interested and sought more information concerning emigration. He learned that the ship (Willesden) was to sail in ten days for Honolulu; and that he was eligible to emigrate. The conditions stipulated were simple:

The emigrant must not exceed forty years of age; he must be a "hard worker" and with a family(this clause palpably was to keep the immigrant tied-down to one plantation). The emigrant must swear to work 26 days a month and 11 hrs. a day.

The plantation was to pay $24 per month, in American gold; furnish house, water, hospitalization, schools for the children, and a bonus at the end of the year.

On October 10, 1909, Antonio and his family boarded the

the S.S. Willesden and, after 66 days of suffering from hunger and other indescribable miseries, was unloaded in Honolulu.

"The conditions on the boat were so inhuman," says Antonio, "that an average of two persons, mostly babies, died daily. I lost my youngest son," he recounted, "who was worth more to me than all the eight Hawaiian Islands put together."

The working conditions in Hawaii were not so good as the agent in Gibraltar had depicted them. The houses which were given the immigrants were hovels: tin-roofed, two rooms dwellings, unpainted and badly constructed. The water was brought from the mountain through an open flume, in which birds and animals drank before it reached the capm. The schools were few and many miles apart, usually a child walked five or six miles for his education. The doctor came to the camp once a week and, regardless of ailment, gave the sick immigrant a handfull of pills. Worst of all was the company store, with its exorbitant prices. The agent at Gibraltar had told the emigrants that they were to receive $24 per mo., which was almost three times their wages in Spain, but he failed to explain that the prices they were to pay for foodstuffs in Hawaii were five times higher than in Spain.

Antonio was consigned to a plantation in the island of Maui together with five other Spanish families. The population on this plantation consisted of 500 Japanese families, some 50 Portuguese families, a few natives, who for the most part were representatives of the law, and about 2,000 single men. These were Filipinos, Puerto Ricans, Chinese and Koreans. Being the last to arrive in the islands the Spaniards

were only able to get what the others, already there, did not want. Antonio and the other Spaniards were given the hardest jobs on the plantation.

Upon his arrival in Maui the company store allowed him $10 in advance to furnish his house, buy enough food to last him until payday and otherwise equip himself with other household essentials.

After working one month Antonio applied for his pay check, but received only an envelope with a notice stating that ~~xxx~~ ~~of his $24 wages for the month~~ he was receiving no money this payday as his account at the company amounted to $60. Also that the company store could not, after this, allow him over the $24 per month he was earning.

Antonio says that at the rate the company store was charging for groceries it was imposible for him and his family to eat. He called at the office of the superintendent and explained his trouble. The superintendent told him that there was nothing he could do about the matter; but suggested that since Antonio 's oldest son was eleven years old, the plantation would put the boy to work on the Wahini Gang (women workers) at $10 per month. The next day the boy started to work.

The next few months were no different than the first. When payday came there was no money in Antonio's envelope, nor in that of his son's. Another son went to work. He was only ten and the company was paying him $o per month.

Antonio had been working in the Island of Maui for one year and found himself in a worse economical condition than if he had remained in Spain.

He received a letter from a friend whom he had met on the boat telling him to come to the Island of Hawaii; things, the friend told him were somewhat better in Hawaii.

By getting his wife to help him, and with the help of his two sons, Antonio managed to defrayed all he owed the company, sold a watch he had brought from Spain and took the S.S. Mauna Kea for Hawaii.

After one year of hard labor, semi-starvation and enslaving his family---and minus his watch---Antonio became of the opinion that one country was as bad as another so far as his class was concerned and, he failed to even see any of the ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ American gold that people talked about.

In the Island of Hawaii conditions were very much the same as in Maui. There were two good things here, however, one was that the company really gave its workers a bonus at the end of the year, and the other was that the workers could lease land from the company and grow their own cane. (The Island of Hawaii is very mountainous and there are many ravines and huge gullies which the company itself cannot work as they are too steep ~~for~~ to be utilized by machinery. These gullies, called Kapakahe, are given to workers in good standing--those who work ~~xxx~~ 20 days a month or more--to grow their own cane. The company supplies everything except the labor and pays the worker $8 per ton for the crop. These places are also aptly called night and Sunday places, as they are worked by the workers and their families after company working hours and on Sundays).

Antonio took one of these Kapakahes and with the help of his family managed to eke out a fair livelihood. He sent his

children to school, and began living a little better life.

In 1914 some of the Spaniards who had emigrated to the Hawaiian Islands grew tired with the drab life there and began drifting away. Some went back to Spain; some came to California. Those who returned to their hameland re-emigrated to South America and other places. Those who came to California wrote back to Hawaii telling their friends that working conditions were better here than they were in Hawaii and advised their friends to leave the Islands and come to California.

Antonio decided to try his luck in California, but could not raise the money for his passage. In the meantime America entered the World War. The price of sugar rose. Men to work in the fields became scarce. Wages went up. Antonio was now earning $2.50 per day instead of $24 per month. His oldest son was helping him. He leased a 20 acre Kapakane from the company and to his surprise received $20 per ton for his sugar cane.

In 1920 the hectic demand for sugar abated and Antonio decided that there was nothing left for him in Hawaii. He drew $6,000 from the Bank of Hilo and boarded a ship for San Francisco.

Upon his arrival in California Antonio went to work in an orchard near Loomis. He saved a few more dollars.

In 1926 Antonio bought an orchard of his own. Fruit was bringing good money and he sent his children through high school. Antonio bought an automobile; he built himself a new home at the cost of $4,000. Everything was going wonderful. To Antonio it was like a dream.

Antonio had an Italian neighbor who had morgaged his orchard and invested his money in Bank of Italy stocks. This Italian

kept telling Antonio of the wonders being accomplaished with the income brought by the Bank of Italy stocks. Antonio thought he would try his luck at this crazy game---where your gave the bank $100 today and received $500 the next day. He morgaged his orchard and bought Bank of Italy stocks. Money was now coming into Antonio's coffers in leaps and bounds. He sent his two sons to college. Took vacations in Honolulu and made one annual trip to Spain.

In 1928 the tide changed. His products did not bring in very much money, Antonio sold his orchard and put most of his money into Bank of Italy stocks. He build himself a country home in Roseville; he was living like the landowners he had worked for, as a child, in Spain.

In 1929, through some mysterious incident, Antonio lost about 90% of all his money. The Bank of Italy was no longer giving him $5 for each $1 he invested. He lost his home and everything else he possessed.

Today Antonio, no longer able to work, is being taken care of by his sons. He says the only thing that hurts him is having lost his home.

He does not care to return to Spain. Says there is something wrong with working conditions there. He says there is something wrong with working conditions in Hawaii, and also in California, but shakes his head patheticly and says that he doesn't know what the trouble is.

M. Gómez

Nationality – Spanish

Spanish

Nació en la Ciudad de Barcelona provincia española de Cataluña de padres de familia humilde, cuando aún no contaba más que dos años de edad sus padres decidieron emigrar a la Península Española y arribaron a la Habana, Capital de la República de Cuba en el año de 1896 – Su padre que era zapatero de profesión, habrió poco tiempo de su llegada a la Habana un pequeño taller de zapatería en uno de los barrios de la ciudad y no tardó mucho en hacerse conocer y querer pues era de un carácter alegre y jovial y mas tarde fué una persona muy popular en el barrio donde todo el mundo le conocía por "Don Santiago."

Nuestro sujeto como es natural recibió su instrucción en una de las escuelas primarias del barrio, pero a la de 16 años como es muy peculiar en la clase de estos españoles, creyó que ya había obtenido suficiente educación y con el pesar de sus padres, que deseaban que fuera un zapatero mas en la familia se dedicó al estudio de la

fotografia y para ello ayudaba a un fotografo por una pequeña compensacion. A los 6 meses ya entendia el desarrollo de negativos e impresiones y seguia practicando el retocado de las placas, pues en los paises Hispano-Americanos un fotografo no es completo si no conoce todo el ramo. En los años siguientes sus conocimientos fueron perfectos, y ya sus amigos lo consideraban como un artista. En 1917 decidió probar fortuna y se trasladó a Mexico, desembarcando en Vera-Cruz e internandose en la ciudad de Mexico donde ejerció su profesion hasta el año de 1921, en cuyo año se dirijo para los Estados Unidos por la via Laredo. y de allí a San Francisco, California en donde arribó a principios del año de 1922.

No obstante de sus conocimientos fotograficos por el absoluto desconocimiento del idioma ingles no le fué posible obtener trabajo en este ramo y tuvo que estar por mucho tiempo en varias fabricas como las de cigarrillos Chesterfield, en la American Can Co y como despues escaseara esta clase de trabajo, tuvo que aceptar trabajo de Hotel, trabajo no muy selecto, puesto que no conocia este ramo y tuvo que contentarse con ser

lavado de platos. En año de 1926 contrajo matrimonio con una señorita española y ella lo indujo a que en sus ratos desocupados volviera a practicar su oficio de artista y en las noches hacia trabajo de retoque de placas para un fotografo italiano. Mas tarde tubo la suerte de hacer amistad con un fotografo mexicano quien le daba trabajo de varias horas a la semana y como su esposa trabajaba en una fabrica de dulces su hogar se sostenia muy regular. Pocos años mas tarde el fotografo mexicano se enfermó y el se hizo cargo completo del establecimiento, pero esto no duro mucho tiempo pues la depresion se hizo cada dia mas pesada pues el negocio hasta el extremo que no pagaba ni producia el valor para pagar la renta del estudio, por lo que su propietario decidio a vender el equipo a un individuo de los Angeles. nuevamente nuestro sujeto se vio sin trabajo por mucho tiempo hasta el extremo que tubo que recurrir a sus amigos para poder pagar su renta pues el sueldo semanal de su esposa no alcanzaba mas que para la alimentacion.

Despues de varios meses de penosa ~~[illegible]~~ cosas

pudo lograr que su antiguo fotografo italiano le diera trabajo y desde entonces su suerte ha cambiado mucho pues su salario semanal no baja de $20.00 cantidad que sumada con lo del trabajo de su esposa. Su hogar se sostiene muy decentemente. Hace años se nacionalizó americano y a pesar de los trabajos que ha pasado tiene mucho cariño a su Patricio y no piensa regresar a su pais natal España.

711

Upper Class

Nelsonville Ohio 712

Dear Solomon 1891.

I have worked on farm of late
[illegible] until time of marriage.
Married & Vandalia worked on
Bridge & Elevators. Not satisfied
with conditions there, determined
[illegible] to come to California.
Was worked on agricultural farm
since. Original member of C & A.
W.L.A. Young man have but
[illegible] but it has
not [illegible] a strong fight
against [illegible] surroundings.
Was nothing good, due in
[illegible] [redacted]. Letter
[illegible] Solon Trail in Indiana
last year.

Spanish

V.B. was born in San Jose of Castillian Spanish parentage. His father was fair-haired and blue-eyed,and the family has a tradition that they are descendants from the Goths who overran Spain. He has worked at the Peet soap works for eleven years ,and at present is employed in the laundry department. He is married and has one boy in high school and a daughter studying music.

[illegible]

[illegible] 1872,

[illegible] High School Bd.

[illegible]

[illegible] August

1872, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Middle [illegible]

[illegible] Company, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Interview with Spaniard

by David D. Craig

Sex: Male

Born: Barcelonia,Spain - 1899

Vocation at present: Mamber of consul staff in ~~Los~~ San Francisco

Native life in Sapin:

Father was oil and olive merchant. Family wealthy and son did not have to work. He attended private parochical school in Madrid and spent summers in Italy and France. He prepared,through sanction of King Alfonse, for the Spanish Diplomatic Corps. At eighteen years of age he became private secratary to Spanish embassy in Belgium during the War. After the War he was on consul-general's staff in England. He then was re-called after the overthrow of the Royalists regime in Spain in 1931. King Alfonso,making a counter move in politics mamaged to retain power long enough to ~~appoint~~ appoint his embasorial staff to England and America. Subject thus landed in U.S. by the grace of His Majesty of the King of Spain,whose power was a whisp of fog, and with the sanction of the so-called "new government".

His early ~~training~~ training was of the acedemic sort. He played around in the arts,and also the literature of his country. Never a serious student he got nothing out of all his acquired culture. Apparently,as he realted to me, he spent most of his time in drinking and seducing girls from the working class. He played few games but did and does drive a motor car very well.

In his early youth,having a good stipend from his father, he promoted local bull-fights in the small villages. He did not make much money but became an ardent patron of that sport. Fencing is another form of sport he liked very much,having had a few bouts in his ~~early~~ early manhood with German students.

Peter Del Gado

Aug. 31, 1976

BIOGRAPHY OF A STANDUP FISHERMAN

Salvador was born in a little fishing village called Marbella, in the Province of Malaga. This little hamlet, old fashioned and bigoted as it was in the year 1972, when Salvador's parents added him to the world's population, is located about twenty-four miles from Malaga. Marbella is bounded on one side by the Sierra Morena and on the other by the Mediterranean. Besides for its fishing activities, the town is also noted throughout Spain for its fine Muscat grapes, figs, sugar cane fields, fruits of many varieties, and two mines.

It is only to be expected that Salvador having been born to poor parents, never attended school for even a single day. At the time the boy was of school age there was but one school in the town of Marbella. The population of the town was about 7,000. This one and only school, to make things worse, was a Catholic institution where a tuition was charged. Few, if any, were the sons of peasants able to enter this school. As for girls, is was almost a disgrace to send them to school. The popular belief in those days was that if a woman learned to read and write she would invariably neglect her household duties and her family, which generally consisted of seven or eight. Moreover, it had been discovered that a young girl in Marbella, once had written a love letter to a youth with whom she was in love, and the priest had since decreed that that is what came out of she learned to write. Since then it were only the aristocracy of the town who allowed their daughters to attend school.

Fortunately, Salvador's parents had but a small family: himself,

two brothers, and one sister. But even with this comparatively small family Salvador's father was compelled to work all day long in the vineyards and half of the night in the fishing industry. For working some twelve to fourteen hours in the fields he was paid seven reales (55¢), this barely enough to pay for rent and foodstuffs. It was necessary then for him to help with the fish labors, where he would receive two pounds of fish for each hour he worked. The old man brought the fish home late at night, and the following day, while he toiled in the vineyards, his wife set out to hawk her wares all day long. Salvador's parents were not the only persons that done this. It was estimated that half of the agylaborers eked out an existence in this manner. Some of the more robust women trudged to adjacent towns in quest of markets for their fish.

Salvador was the oldest in the family, and when he was seven years old was sent out to work for a nearby landowner. The boy would milk the five or six goats which the master owned, then feed the heard, peddle the milk at the village, and then return in the afternoon to watch over the herd in the pastures. In the evening the same procedure was followed. It was generally nine or ten o'clock at night when he returned to the hacienda to sleep. For this work Salvador was paid five duros ($5) per month plus two meals.

His younger brother, a year younger than he, assumed the responsibilities of keeping the manure pile replete. He would start out early in the morning and gather all the droppings of donkeys and mules, put the stuff in a sack and add it to the pile. Every year the manure was sold to the landowners. The peasants themselve

Rarely ever received any of the fertilizer themselves as they needed the money with which to purchase most necessary things for the house.

As a result of this the landowners always claimed that the peasants were too lazy to work their land or these acres of land, and that this was the reason for their poor crops.

Like most of the local farmers in Markella Lakadoni rather than were unable to pay their in the village and thus compelled to rent a few acres from one of the landowners, the land of course was not very productive and the old man was always late to pay his rent for the land.

Mathew Arnold

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

When all his fish was sold he did not go to sleep on the gold he had stolen, money, the proceeds of the earnings to buy a load of cork to bring home with him. This all he fixed up and sent to Malaga for export.

At the end of the year he had saved about forty pesos (dollars) and with this he bought a small horse.

In the meantime his brother had left for Gibraltar where he got work as houseboy in the home of an English Army officer. The brother could never earn as much money as the other older boys in the family. Between the two boys and the girl who was also [illegible] as much as the family. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] went on he in [illegible]
pulling [illegible] and dragging [illegible]
he went to [illegible] and then [illegible]
going very well until [illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] story [illegible] he had [illegible]
[illegible] fifth [illegible] [illegible]
to his house to [illegible]
[illegible] but this [illegible] he was [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] in the [illegible]
completely [illegible]

(To be continued)

[illegible]

Peter Del Gado

Boigr·phy Of A Spanish I·migrant

(Continued from last week)

Salvador, with most of the other conscript men was consigned to Melilla, Morocco. He did not like the army at all. The climate in Africa was very hot, the food given the soldiers was very poor and meager. If Salvador had not been accustomed to the hard life of the Spanish worker he says, he would not have lasted more than two weeks in the army at Melilla. At five o'clock in the morning the men were summoned from their sleep, breakfast was given them and than they went about doing whatever nonsense it was that he was ordered to do.

Breakfast consisted of bread, some sort of gruel, coffee, and some fruits. For lunch the meb were fed a "Gaspacho" which is nothing but hard bread soaked in water. The water, of course, has been seasoned with vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, tomatoes, and sometimes vegetables. For supper the men were given a big dish of cooked garvanzos and potatoes. Bread and a handfull of dried fruits completed the evening fare. The work given Salvador was anything but easy. He was more of a construction laborer than a soldiers. For ten to twelve hours he worked on roads, chopping huge rocks, digging ditches, and other manual activities of equal severeness. For all this work the Spanish soldier of those days received 2¢ per day.

Working on the roads and digging ditches was hard labor, but sometimes the soldiers had to suffer worse miseries than just plain hard work. This was when the natives went berserk and attempts to recover some of the land the Spaniards had taken from them. Whenever this happened there was hell to pay. Instead of work the lot of the poor soldier was to fight. There was plenty of fighting.

The Moors are a brave race, and with the aid of France and England, which countries always supplied the native chiefs with all the munitions they needed, the battles were tough on the Spaniards.

From Melilla, Salvador was sent to Ceuta. He "Served the King" there for a year and then was sent to Cadiz. When his time was served he returned to his native Marbella. When Salvador arrived home he was so gaunt from lack of food and hard work that his own friends did not recognized him. He lived with his brothers for some time until he was strong enough to go to work. Salvador tried to enter the police force, but he was too short of stature. He was also too small for the carabinaro service. As a last resort he had to starting working again in the vineyards, as he had done as a child before he became a muleteer.

For two years Salvador worked in the fields of Marbella during the plowing and planting and picking season, then went to the "Vegas". The Vegas is a part of Andalucia in the province of Sevilla where Spain raises most of her wheat. The season in the Vegas was about two months, and generally the worker returned home with thirty or forty dollars.

One year the Coast of Malaga had a very dry spell and there was no work to be had anywhere. The dry winter brought ruin to most of the grape-growers in Marbella, and there was no work. Salvador was not planning on getting married and he sought desperate means whereby he could get money. It was the custom of that part of Spain that before a man asked a girl's father for his consent to marry her, the father would ask him if he had enough money to set up a house, etc. Salvador had met a girl at the plaza one afternoon and she had promised to marry him--provided her father approved of the union. So it happened that Salvador with the girl

of a young man in love went to whatever means he could to get enough money to furnish a house for his bride-to-be and enough to pay a couple of month's rent.

Since he could find no work in Marbella, and since he had no money with which to buy himself a burro and start hauling fish to other towns as he had done before he went to Morocco, he saw only one thing to do. That was to become a contrabandista(a smuggler). This way, he though, if he was not caught too soon he could soon save the seventy dollars he needed to furnish his home. So off he went to Gibraltar.

In Spain, during the time of Salvador's youth, the government was the only agent authorized to sell tobacco and matches. There was at that time--and maybe even now--a very high tax on the sale of tobaccos and matches--something like the liquor taxes in America. But tobacco could be bought very cheap in Gibraltar, which is a British possession, and by buying the tobacco at English prices at Gibraltar and smuggling it into Spain, the contrabandista was able to make a good living.

Salvador, with three other men, bought four-hundred pounds of tobacco in Gibraltar, rented a small skiff from a Briton, and sailed up the coast to somewheres near Malaga. This was all done at night. If Salvador delivered his hundred pounds of tobacco safely to the fence in Malaga he would make a profit of about forty dollars. Two trips and he would marry and quit the dangerous enterprise.

The four men loaded their skiff and set out for Spanish land, but it was a bad night and the sea washed the inexperienced sailors to land in a place that was guarded with Carbineros (officers out to get smugglers). The four men were arrested and taken to

Malaga for trial.

Two years in prison was what Salvador received for his offense. He says that he wish he had stayed the full term, as it was in prison that he learned to read and write. He was released after one year's confinement. Salvador says that the prison life in Malaga was much better than that of the army. The food was better, he could learn to read and write, and there was no work. Of course everybody in prison worked, but what they did was for themselves. Salvador learned from another inmate how to weave apargatas(shoes made from hemp). A pair of apargatas was made in a day, and sold for one peseta. The guard who sold them on the outside received 10% of the peseta, but even at that Salvador always had about 20¢ a day for himself. With this he bought tobacco, some food, and paid the newspaper editor, who was in prison for political reasons, five cents perday for his tuition.

Anyway, says Salvador, he left the Malaga prison with regrets after a year. He also emerged a much better educated man than when he entered. He learned the fundalmentals of letters, some phases of politics, and many other things. If he had stayed in prison for another year, says Salvador he would have been able to take a position in an office when he came out.

In prison Salvador had saved about thirty dollars, and since there was a lot of work when he returned to Marbella it did not take him long to earn enough money to furnish his home. He was married a year after he left prison.

The next five years were spent without any interesting episodes. Each year or so he had another child. And with each addition to the family life grew harder. He and his children and his wife were going hungry half of the time.

About this time (1909) some of the most adventurous Spaniards were immigrating out of Spain. Some of them went to Argentina, others to Peru and still others, and the greatest number, to Brazil. Salvador tried to emigrate to Brazil, but since he had one son who was ailing with some kind of a malady, the family was rejected at the boat.

Salvador was very didappointed as his brother in Brazil, after leaving the plantation to which he had been assigned, had taken a good job at Sau Pablo. Salvador's intentions were to go to a plantation and then leave as soon as possible to join his brother.

However, he still had hopes of emigrating. He did not return, to Mabella any more. Instead he went to work on the waterfront at Cadiz. Here he earned a little more money than he had in Marbella, but food and rent was higher, and they lived from hand to mouth. Salvador had three sons and a daughter by this time.

One day Salvador read in a newspaper that a boat was coming to Gibrltar to take a cargo or immigrants to the Hawaiian Islands. At once he investigated. By this time his sick son was well and the health inspectors accepted his application.

On November 19, 1910 Salvador, his wife and four children boarded the S.S.Willesden, with many others, and the next afternoon the Willesden sailed for Honolulu.

(To be continued)

Biography Of A Spanish Immigrant
(cont'd from last week)

After fifty six days of the most unpleasant experiences of his life, Salvador and his family arrived in Honolulu. At the Immigration station there, the Spanish families were inspected again for any physical defects, and then, those fortunate enough to pass the test, were turned over to another department, where they were compelled to undergo more inconveniences. About one person out of every hundred were refused entrance to the Island on the grounds that they were physical handicapped. True, every person had been duly examined before embarking at Gibraltar, but this fact did not prevent the authorities from repeating the practice of reinspection. The many families that were returned to Spain complained vehemently that they had been in perfect health when they left their native country, and, if now they suffered from some sort of malady, that was the fault of the hardships endured on board the ship. But the government inspectors were adamant in their decision, with the result that these unfortunate families were returned to Spain.

Those people who passed the winnowing by the inspectors were then turned into a large hall, where they were asked to remove all their clothes for fumigating. The men and their male offspring were in one department and the females and the women with their daughters, big and small, were compressed in another compartment. This act of putting the children, their ages ranging from one year old to manhood, was frowned upon by their parents. The Spaniards are very averse to allowing their children in the same room with women they are engaged. Being somewhat of a traditional and prudish nature, they protested to

the lazaretto authorities that this practice was sinful and most immoral. The Guardrds notified the Spanish consul in Honolulu, but the latter maintained that what the immigration heads prove d'ing was perfectly within reason--and without of his jurisdiction.

There was a little disturbance, before the Spaniards finally, under threats of being returned to Spain, conceded to go through with the unsegregated bathing in the huge lazaretto showers. The showers was severe. The cold water was released upon the immigrants from the sides of the enclosure, from overhead and even from under them. It was necessary for father to take their young sons, some of them not even a year old, and hold them high over their head as to avoid their drowning. In the particular batch in which Salvador found himself, it was later reported that two infants had been drowned.

With the women it was the same thing. They were told to divest themselves of all their clothes, put the clothes in a sack to be fumigated, and then, naked as the day they they were born, were put through the same baths, as the men. The women had even more embarrassing moments than the men. Among the immigrants were many young girls of from twelve to nineteen years of age, and these damsels were very abashed when they had to expose their nude bodies before their mothers. But nothing could be done about it. The inspectors would not even allow a maiden to hide her any part of her body with even a handkerchief. The best most of this naive, diffedent girls could do was to hold thier hands before them, or those that had long hair, allow that to enshroud their most secretive parts.

The bath over, the men first then the women, were marched

[illegible]

piled in one huge heap. It was his task to pick out from this huge amount the right one. In digging deep into the stack for his, he threw the others aside. Every person did likewise, and the result was that it took some of the men more than ten hours before they and their children were fully dressed. This finished, they now joined the women folks and were taken to another section of the lazaretto building.

The immigrants remained in the lazaretto for about one week. Here the meals, for some reason or another, were very good. Some of the immigrants were of the opinion that the [illegible] and the Yucatan City [illegible] and thus, with more funds, were able to feed better. Salvador says that this was not the case at all. He holds that since the immigrants were never starved, [illegible] with plenty of food so as to [illegible].

After a week in the lazaretto, the plantation bosses began to come to Yucatan to select contingents of workers for their respective plantations. [illegible] nothing of [illegible]. The

second day after shipments had started to the various plantation, Salvador [illegible] that he might as well take a chance on one plantation or another that day and skip out.

When a Portuguese Luna called for workers to Paukaa, which was in the Island of Hawaii, he signed up. With him, for this particular plantation, were seventeen other Spanish families. That night the seventeen families boarded the S.S.Kauai Maru, and [illegible] the next morning arrived at Hilo--a little city of about 7,000 population in the Island of Hawaii.

At Hilo several wagons were waiting for the families, and as soon as they disembarked they were on their [illegible], about five miles from the city. Paukaa, being the smallest of the three plantations under one management, had no company store. The only store there being a private concern owned by a Japanese merchant. The seventeen families left their [illegible] to fix the homes best as they could, and they started out to the [illegible] where the company store had agreed to advance them $5 worth of groceries and cooking utencils. This five dollars was all the credit the families had until the men started to work, when they could buy as much as their income permitted. When the wages paid the men was only $24 per month, for 26 days work, of 10 hours each day, and since their families were large, there was not very much of anything they could get besides the barest necessities.

When the men returned from the company store that evening all they had bought with their $5 advanced credit, was one pot, a coffee kettle, a [illegible]--for it rains in Hawaii almost every day--and a few pounds of beans and rice. The next day Salvador went to work. He reported at the Plaza, a small square in the outskirts of the plantation, where all the men gathered every

morning. Paukaa was, indeed, a cosmopolitan place. In the Plaza were gathered groups of various nationalities. On one side were the thousand or so of Filipinos--even they separated into different groups in accordance to whatever island from the Philippines he was from. The Filipinos were only paid $20 per month. Although they worked alongside with the Japanese, the company claimed that they could live on only rice and fish and $20 a month was enough for them.

The Japanese, who constituted about one third of the population of Paukaa, were also expected to live on rice and fish, and therefore, were only paid $20 per month. They, too, came to the Plaza every morning and waited until his boss came and assigned him to whatever job it was that he to do that day.

The Portuguese were the were the smallest of the various nationalities there. But they, for the most part--having preceded the others there were almost invariably bosses. The bosses--or Luna--as they are called in the Islands received from $40 to $50 per month--according to his ability in enslaving the others.

It was to this Plaza of waiting, Japanese, Portuguese, Puerto Ricans, Koreans, Filipinos, native Hawaiians, and all kinds of mixed breeds, that Salvador and his sixteen paisanos, came the first morning there to be given their assignment in the cane fields.

When the general foreman came to OK their employment cards, he asked them all kinds of nonsensical questions, and then took the seventeen Spaniards to the tool shed. Here a Japanese flunkey charged them with, and gave them, two hoes, one cane-cutting machete, one axe, and other farming implements. These to be used at various seasons.

(Continued next page)

Peter Del Gado

Biography Of A Spanish Emigrant

Salvador is about 65 years of age. His face is drawn and his head bent low as in token of many years of hard toil, both in his native Spain and later in the Hawaiian Islands. He speaks hardly any English and his Spanish is poor, too. He is alone in a dingy little tobacco stand on Telegraph Hill, the only semblance of a $14,000 fortune he amassed in Hawaii and California. He decries the American custom of children leaving home as soon as they are old enough to help the old folks--the old folks that for the benifit of their ungrateful offspring, that the boys and girls should get an education, left their native country to come to a hostile and unfriendly nation. The children received an education, all right, but at what a cost.

Salvador has raised six children, two daughters and four sons. He does not see any of them anymore. Until they became Americanized the family lived in peace and contentment. Later the situation changed. The boys, he says, were not fond of hard work, and as a consequence he had to feed and clothe them. They some went to the East and others are working on boats and they never write. The daughters married what the old man calls "American tramps", and after they were divorced the old man saw no more of them--nor wants to--so he says.

Salvador was born in the probince of Granada, in a little hamlet called San Roque. Unlike other immigrants from Spain he comes, not from the working class or pesantry, but from the middle class. His parents owned the largest store in the village. Salvador was the only child born to his parents, and he says, him-

self, that he was rather spoiled. He was accustomed of having his way very much.

When he was twenty years old he married. His father gave him enough money to start in business for himself, and everything was going along fine until he decided to go into politics. At twenty-three he ran for office in his village, had some trouble with his opponents, stabbed one of them in a saloon brawl one night and was sentenced to jail for three months.

At that time Salvador owned a grocery store, about 100 goats, the only cow in the village and ten acres of land. He was considered one of the richest man in San Roque.

After he was released from jail he decided to leave San Roque and thought he would get even with the town's politicians by taking with him every family there that amounted to anything. He made several trips to Gibraltar with the view in mind of arranging passage on some emigrant ship for either Brazil or Hawaii. On one of this trips he came across the ship Willesden, an English ship that had been chartered by the Hawaiian Sugar Company to get Spanish families to Hawaii to work in the cane fields.

Salvador returned to San Roque with the news that he had arranged passage for as many families as were willing to go, and moreover, as a gesture of revenge upon the village fathers, he promised to pay all the expenses necessary to bring the families to Gibraltar. The result was that more than sixty of the 200 families in San Roque expressed a desire to leave with him. Salvador sold his store, his goats, and his land. This gave him about three thousand dollars, which in those days was considered a lot

of money. He arranged for these families to get to Gibraltar, and in November 1907 they left Spain for Honolulu.

The food on board ship was very bad. Some of the weakest men and women died. Others became accustomed to it. Salvador, since he was used to good food, began to buy from the Chinese cooks and his money began to go fast. Sometimes he would feel sorry for a starving baby and spend a peseta for an egg. On other occasions he would brood over his trouble and go on a drunken orgy. The result was that he arrived in Honolulu, after fifty-six days of misery on the boat, with only about one thousand dollars.

He was assigned to the plantation of Paukaa. His first job was hoeing weeds in the cane fields. The temperature was about 100 degrees. The work was hard and the water bad. Salvador would stay home from work many days. As the company was only paying 90¢ per day Salvador found it imposible to feed himself, wife and two children on the ten or twelve days pay he received. He spent all the money he had over from Spain, and in a short time was left without a cent. It was at this time that he began to learn what hardships was. With the years came more children. And more mouths to feed meant more misery. He soon had six children. He worked the full twenty-six days per month now and was supposed to get $24 per month, but as he traded at the company store his pay envelope was always empty.

Now it happened that one of his daughters grew to be a very beautiful girl and all the young men at the plantation were anxious to marry her. When the girl was fifteen men proposed to her every day. Salvador noticed that most of his daughter's suitors were filipinos. There were about 3000 filipinos in Paukaa. And as was

their custom they had a leader. He was some sort of a governor among them. Salvador knew that this filipino leader had great power with his fellow countrymen. One night when this filipino came over to S lvador's house to ask for his daughter's hand Salvador told him that it was all right. He, the filipino could marry his daughter. He also told the filipino that he was in dire need for some money as he had to go to Hilo and see a doctor about an operation. He asked the filipino if it was possible for him to raise about $500 for his operation.

The filipino hoping to make a good impfession on the old Spaniard told Salvador that he would try and get the money for him. The filipino went to the camps of all his countrymen and told them the story. All the other filipinoes were only too glad to help their leader and they gave whatever money they had. Some even went to Hilo and pawned their valuables. The next night the filipino leader of the camp came to Salvador and gave him the $500 he got. Salvador took the first boat out of Hilo that night and the next morning arrived in Honolulu. The same afternoon he took a boat and sailed for San Francisco.

In San Francisco he could find no work and so he went to a small town in Placer County called Loomis. His children helped him on a farm on which he was working and they prospered. Later Salvador bought an orchard near Marysville.

In the meantime the children were married one after the other. His wife could not get along with him and she got a divorce. As time passed he grew older and weaker. He began to drink. In 1928 he sold his orchard, gave his wife wharever money his wife was supposed to get, and went to Spain.
In Spain he went into the wholesale produce business and as he

was unfamiliar with the ways of the new Spain soon lost everything he possessed. Being entirely out of funds and among strangers Salvador began to save enough money to return to California. It was a hard thing to do.

In 1930 he managed to buy a steerage passage on one of the Spanish ships plying between Cadiz and New York and came back to America. He found himself without money in New York and sent to his wife for some help. She did not respond, nor did any of the children. He went to work washing dishes in a cafeteria in the big city and when he had saved $50 dollars took a freight train to San Francisco.

Back in San Francisco he went to work in a Spanish store and saved enough to buy a dingy cigar store of his own.

Peter Del Gado

BIOGRAPHY OF A SPANISH IMMIGRANT

Salvador was born in a little village in the Province of Cadiz, Spain, July 7, 1901. Being the son of a peasant he did not attend school, as it was more important that he helped his father till the ten acres on which they held tenure.

When Salvador was eight years old his father hired him out to herd goats on an adjacent hacienda. The boy was to be paid $3 per month and his found. Conditions were very unfavorable to the family. Working his land from morning till night and even going out on Sundays to work for any neighbor who might need a man did not bring enough bread into the house for Salvador's father to feed his family. Regardless of how much/the worked peasants performed when the crop was harvested and the lord of the land computed the credit and debit the peasant was always in debt.

For this reason; because Salvador's father wanted his boy to have an education, and especially because if they remained in Spain the boy would soon be old enough to be conscripted into the army, Salvador's father decided to leave Spain forever and emigrate to the Hawaiian Islands. Other Spaniards had emigrated to Brazil and various places and all wrote back to Spain saying that conditions were better anywhere else in the world than in Spain.

On September, 1909 Salvador's father received a letter from his brother in Brazil to the effect that he had secured him a job in a coffee plantation and advised Salvador's father to come as soon as posible. Salvador's father sold his household furni-

shings, a donkey he possessed and two goats, and left for Cadiz with his family to embark for Brazil.

The emigration officials would not allow the family to embark because Salvador had a tumor on the back of his neck and this prevented emigration. The family was left stranded in Cadiz without friends or funds, and were compelled to rent a hovel on the waterfront. Salvador's father was desperate .

One day while walking along the piers Salvador's father was given a leaflet by a Briton, which read that a boat called the Willesden was docked at Gibraltar waiting to be filled by emigrants for the Hawaiian Islands. Salvador's father took his family and was admitted into the boat that was to sail for Honolulu within three days.

After 66 days of semi-starvation, all sorts of miseries and profound anxiety the Willesden docked at Honolulu. Salvador and his family were consigned to Paukaa, a plantation five miles from the city of Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, largest of the group. The conditions here were the exact antithesis of what the leaflet had depicted.

Salvador found life here as bad as in Spain. If there was any difference it was only that instead of herding goats for $5 per month now he was hoeing weeds in the sugar-cane fields for $8 per month.

In Hawaii Salvador's chances of going to school were as remote as in Spain. His father was only receiving $24 per month, and what with six mouths to feed, not including Salvador's who supported himself and helped the family with his $8 per month. The law in Hawaii stipulated that all children of immigrants

be compelled to attend school, but through the connivance of the authorities this law was never enforced. Many children of both sexes were carrying a hoe to the fields every morning at six instead of carrying books to school.

Salvador's father, who himself knew the disadvantages of illiteracy, began to feel intensely distressed about his son's predicament and sought drastic measures to educate him. There were many Filipinos in this plantation most of whom were able to speak Spanish. One day during the lunch hour Salvador's father started a conversation with one of them and told him of his son's plight. This Filipini, himself an illiterate, told the old Spaniard that at the Filipino camp there was a man who taught them to read and write nightly after working hours. The old man sought the Filipini mentor that night and arranged to give him two meals a day in exchange for some lessons for Salvador.

The Filipino teacher, a former newspaper editor who had been driven from Manila by his political adversaries, turned out to be a good teacher. Salvador turned out a conscientious scholar. In three years Salvador had absorbed an education equivalent to that of a grammar school graduate. Moreover, the Filipino taught him sociology and economics. Being an avid reader and very discriminative in his literature Salvador, after five years of studious endeavor, was considered to possesse the education of a junior college graduate.

On Sundays and holidays when there was no work in the fields all the boys of Salvador's age sallied out into the island jungle to hunt guavas, breadfruits, mangoes, bananas, mountain

apples, rose apples, wild taro, papayas, pineapples and other fruits, Salvador went to the Hilo public library and studied Cervantes, Shakespeare, France, Hugo, Wells, London and other writers who's works he admired.

His Filipino teacher sailed for Stockton, California, to edit a Filipino paper and Salvador was left without a mentor. But by this time Salvador was well on his way to journalistic success. He aspired to become a newspaper editor some day.

When Salvador was seventeen years old he was taken away from the cane fields and given a job in the company store at Papaikou. He did not hold this job very long, as the system of the store was to mulct of the immigrants every cent they earned. Salvador never became adept in the art of charging his customers twice the price for everything they bought.

Discharged from the company store and unable to return to the fields Salvador left the plantation and went to Hilo. After two weeks of working for a drug store as a delivery boy he was given a job as a reporter on the Hilo Star. He was earning $20 per week.

Meanwhile the Filipino wrote Salvador to come to California and try his luck there.

In 1921 Salvador left Hilo and came to Stockton where he secured a reporter's position with the Record. He saved his money and brought his family to California. They bought a ranch in Loomis, California.

In 1925 Salvador quit his post with the Record and founded his own journal in Roseville, California.

Peter Del Gado

Biography of a Spanish Immigrant

FRED is thirty-four. He is congenial very pleasant to talk to and willing to tell anyone anything he wishes to know about his life, which he says is devoid of romance and exploits. He is below medium height, dark complexioned, as are most of the Spaniards from Southern Spain because of their Moor blood, and his face is marred with a series of regular wrinkles. These perhaps the ~~xxxxx~~ tell-tale of many days of hard work and misery that has encumbered his happiness since the day he first saw the light of day in Andalucia.

FRED was born in a village of about 6,000 population in the Probince of Malaga. In this little village the populance worked at two different kinds of hardships. About one half of the men worked in the fishing industry, the other--less fortunate--tilled the soil. The fishermen never associated with the landworkers, and the landworkers hated the fisherman. However, viewed from an outside perspective both these classes were equally unfortunate as they were equally untutored and stupid.

It was a common thing that when the workers of the fields, which consisted mostly of vineyards, went out on strike for higher wages,the vineyard owners called in the men of the fishing trades to take their places. They were always glad to do it. When the fisherman went out on strike the tillers of the soil did the same shameless thing. And so it went.

Very few people in this village of Estepona knew how to read or write. They were informed of what took place in the outside

world by one of the many priests of the village. This priest would call all the people he could get together on Sunday afternoons into the village plaza and there read to them a newspaper.

Like many other Spaniards in those days FRED's father was always looking for an opportunity to leave Spain and emigrate to a more prosperous country. Once or twice he had attempted to emigrate to Brazil, but always there was one thing or another that prevented him.

In 1908 the tillers of the soil in Estepona went out on strike for more money. At this time they were being paid two pesetas (40¢) per day, and they struck for two-and-a-half pesetas per day. When the fisherman came to take their jobs the men who had worked in the fields and vineyards all their lives became angry and the result was many fights and broken heads. FRED's father had been one of the leaders in the strike activities, and when they lost the strike and were asked to return to their jobs at the same wages for which they worked before he refused.

The old man refused to return to his job because he was ashamed to face his boss in defeat, and rather than do that he packed up whatever few things he had and left for Malaga. With him he took FRED, his brother, his sister and his wife.

In the great city of Malaga work was very scarce ~~the~~ and the family of four went without many meals. One afternoon while walking along the waterfront the old man was told that a boat had arrived at Gibraltar and would return to Honolulu with a shipment of hard working men for the sugar-cane fields of Hawaii. FRED's father investigated, liked the conditions presented to him

at Gibraltar and signed on for the trip.

After fifty-six days of near starvation and general misery the English ship Willesden arrived at Honolulu. FRED's father and family were assigned to a plantation called Onomea in the Island of Hawaii. FRED was about nine years old at the time of his arrival in Hawaii.

As was the custom in the old country all the Spaniards put their sons to work in the cane fields. The schools were far from the plantations, sometimes five and six miles. FRED went to work for $10 per month. His father was earning $24 per month. The young boy had no more of an opportunity to learn anything in Hawaii than he had if he had remained in Spain.

There happened to be a ~~Portuguxxx~~ Portuguese woman in the plantation who had attended school and at night for $1 per month from each student she taught classes. FRED went to this night school for about three years.

By dint of hard work and living without many of the things they needed the family saved a few dollars each month. By 1916 FRED's father had saved enough money to buy four tickets to San Francisco. They had a friend at Roseville, California and to him they came for aid. The friend was at that time employed at the P.F.E.Co. and managed to get the old man a job with that company. FRED went to school. In 1925 he graduated from the Roseville Union High School. Then he left home, roamed around the country for three years and in 1928 returned to Roseville and married.

After he married he went to work on an orchard in Marysville,

He worked at this orchard until 1930, after which the wages became so small that he could hardly make a living. In 1931 he left Marysville and came to San Francisco. He went to work as a counterman in a Cafeteria making $18 per week.

Since that time he has worked at various restaurants as waiter and sometimes in Cafeteria as counterman.

Dr. Paul Radin
Jeanne Le Breton

Nov. 20, 1936

SPANISH

The H. family came from Spain by way of the Hawaiian Islands. They worked in agriculture and at odd jobs. One member sent for the other as soon as he earned enough money for a steerage passage. As soon as this passage was paid for this member would save his money and in turn send for some favored relative. In this manner one sent for the other until a whole tribe had arrived.

From the Hawaiian Islands they used the same method to get to California.

Mr. H. says that they were poor in Spain but they had more fun. If they had any fiestas or any culture in Spain they must have left it over there.

In order to outwit the tax collector who counted the tobacco plants , they would have one tobacco plant at one end of the farm, another beside the barn, another on the side of the road. This would give the appearance that the tobacco had grown wild. The only tobacco which was taxed were the plants in patches.

On Holidays in California the whole family would get together and have a big feed, including a lot of beans. They would drink plenty of red wine and the men sit around and smoke and make a lot of noise. They have enough room for little Spanish gardens, but they clutter this space up with a lot of empty boxes which the women use to sit on during the sunny winter days aftertheir labors at the cannery.

Mr. H. is the oldest active member of his family. When he arrived in California he immediately got a job in a cigarette factory.

About a week after he had been employed someone delivered some delicacies for his lunch. The next day more Spanish tidbits were sent over. He was told that a certain Spanish lady was interested in him and showed her interest by keeping him well fed on choice lunches.

He took a look at the lady who was pointed out to him. He didn't think she was very good looking, but she looked pleasant enough and he reasoned like this " A guy has to eat, and he bedder get a wife thats gonna keep him fed." They were married. All the relatives on both sides brought food to the wedding.

They worked together in the factory saving enough money to buy a small farm in Alameda County. The rest of the family purchased farms in various counties of California.

Several years after they were married, Mrs. H. who now weighed twohundred pounds in her stocking feet, ~~this didn't seem to reduce her weight~~ gave birth to a small baby girl, which didn't affect her weight at all. Mr. H. was five feet thin and homely. Mrs. H. was five feet fat and homely. This homely brown couple's little daughter grew into a handsome intelligent child. She had fair skin, dark eyes and hair and delicate features. Her manners were quick, nervous and temperamental.

The H's only had one child saying that their parents had had enough for several generations.

Mrs. H's mother had had ten children and Mr. H's mother and sister averaged the same. In all there were enough children to carry the family name.

Mr. & Mrs. H. operated their ranch for several years. One fatal year Mr. H. hired some apricot pickers individually. One of these pickers fell off a ladder while picking fruit and injured his leg. He sued Mr. H. and this suit cost him the farm.

Today the pickers are hired on contract. The contractor carries the risk and the farmer deals with the contractor. Many farmers prefer this system of hiring.

After the loss of his farm, Mr. H. decided that farming was too much work. He had left hard work in the islands and didn't think he should start it again in America.

He bought his wife a grocery store, and he ran a truck, going direct to the fields picking up a load of potatoes, onions, mellons, or oranges. What the store couldn't use he peddled, and these loads were quickly disposed of. A load of chickens or purkeys were brought in from some out-of-the way farm and these birds were couped up in the back yard to be sold one by one whenever any customer had the cash to buy such feathered luxury.

During the grape season he operated a big truck and his little sister-in-law operated the delivery wagon, together they brought in tons of grapes which they crushed in a big crusher which stood in an empty lot near the store. They poured the grapes, juice, and flies into big barrells which stood under some trees. This juice was sold for 25¢ a gallon. Customers brought their own gallons.

Their best customers were Mexicans and Porto Ricans who came from "little Mexico" a poor settlement across the road. If they had no more they could charge a limited amount of juice on their bill.

The H's carried quiet a number of charge accounts with these people. As they were only allowed certain foods on their county orders Mrs. H. in order to be accommodating, would often list "carrots" in place of other foods which had been ordered. This careless use of the word carrots, when half the time there were no carrots in the store, caused her to lose the county orders. In addition to this she was accused of shortweight, however, this writer does not believe that this was intentional, but was due more to carelessness then anything else.

After fifteen years of married life, the eating question in the H. family is something like this - " When the hell do you feed a hungry guy around here?" answer - "What the hell you think I got to do, feed your face all day.? Go in the kitchen and watch them beans so they don't burn. I got the customers to look after. Get the hell outa that icebox." (these are not harsh words, just a little Spanish harmony)

Dr. Paul Radin
Jeanne Le Breton

SPANISH - Page three.

Mr. & Mrs. managed to keep their business going after the loss of the county orders which was quite a blow to them. The PWA took up the charity clients and these people paid cash for their groceries. Many customers continued to deal with the H's in spite of the fact that they could do better by buying certain foods elsewhere. Whether this was gratitude or indifference no one knows.

Mr. H. decided he could purchase a house at a bargain price, which he did. This house was cleaned and rented. Several months later he purchased another house paying for it on the installment plan. This house is also rented. The tenants pay their rent regularly. There is quite a shortage of houses in that neighborhood. Mr. & Mrs. H. live in the back of their store where they continue to do business.

Recently Mr. H. leased a corner service station. He dressed himself in white and dispenses gas with the greatest of speed. He sold his large truck and has gone out of the trucking business entirely. His little sister-in-law drives the delivery truck and ~~through~~ throws a one hundred pound sack of sugar on and off the truck with the greatest of ease.

Things seem to be going Mr. H's way in spite of the fact that most of his relatives have set up in the grocery business in his neighborhood. (they don't speak anymore)

"Ya gotta know how to work, and ya gotta know how to use yer head when you work."

End.

Je

Spanish

Spanish

A group of five men were sitting together by a garage door with a jug of wine and a single glass which they were passing around. I walked up to them and asked them if they would answer a few questions on their living conditions since the N.R.A. They all said that they were very sorry ~~but~~ ~~they~~ because they had nothing to complain about. One man the most friendly of the group showed a bit of interest as I told him what I was doing and he answered that he couldn't give me any information because he had a job and was getting along fine.

"What kind of a job have you got?" I asked. "I drive a truck for a grocery store," he answered. "How many years have you been working for that grocery store" — "seven years," he

Dec 9 1882

see I was born in Spain but when I
got about six my father take me to
Hawaiian Islands with him. Then he got
a job working in the sugar cane — you
know cutting the cane before it goes to the
factory. Then he got a job in the factory
and he worked till he was old man,
then I took care of him till he die."
"What did you do in the Islands" I asked.
"I went to the second class, then I work
in the fields too, with my father. When
I'm about ten I go to the factory too.
Then I get 18 and I go to army for year
and half. I come back from army and
get job with family as private butler.
"You ever been to Hawaii?" "no" answer.
"If you ever in there you know rich
family I work for everybody know (I've got chance)."
"How long did you work for them?" I asked.
"I work for them long time till I come

(3)

to United States." "How long have you been here." "I come here ~~[illegible]~~ eight years ago. I bring my wife, and my four children, one child was a cripple. I got five children, the baby he born here five years ago." Excuse me I been drinking but I know what I'm talking, everything I tell you is fact."

"What did you do when you came here?"

"I get job in sugar factory, you know where bridge is?" "You mean the Carquinez bridge?" "Yeh, yeh that right." "How long did you work there?" "I work there about year then my boss he ask me if I want to drive truck for him, so I been driving truck seven year."

"Does your wife work?"

"No my wife don't work. Long as I can make money my wife don't work."

"Is any of your children work?"

my big girl she nibble and can't work. The rest children go to ~~work~~ school."

" Why did you come to this country?"

" You know everybody tell me make good money here - I don't know myself why I come."

" Do you like it here?"

" This country alright. I got steady job."

" Would you like to go back to Hawaii?"

" yeh, I like to go back - don't tell my boss. Excuse me, I drink too much, but I know what I'm talking. yeh I like to go back to Hawaii. There I go swimming and I sick coconuts. I could get 10 private chauffeur, see my mother. Hawaiian Islands very beautiful."

" What do you think is going to happen to the depression?"

" Don't ask me about depression, I couldn't

tell you, I don't know. Hay you like glass wine? It's two year old, very good."

* One of the men rinsed the glass and I had some wine.

"Thank you very much" I said.

"That's alright, I want some more wine?"

"no thanks"

"Well I'm sorry I couldn't help you out. You see I got job. Nothing to kick about."

Series 6

Subject.....Spanish

Time.....5 hours

Report by Erwin Loeffler.....

He was born in Malaga, Spain, ~~which is~~ a coast town just inside the Straits of Gibraltar. His folks were workers. --He would not elaborate on the simple statement that they were workers.

At the age of ten he accompanied his folks to Honolulu. Here his father obtained work on the sugar plantations. The young man fell in love with the picturesque beauty of Honolulu and still recalls this period as the most pleasant time of his life. From my conversation with him I gained that the lazy, easy-going atmosphere of the southern islands would be very favorably suited to his way of living.

Four years later he came, in the company of his folks, to ~~the~~ San Francisco. In San Francisco he worked in several factories, ~~one at a time of course~~. The first job was in a candy factory and ~~This~~ lasted for only a short while and then he obtained work in a can factory. After a year he, along with and a large group of co-workers ~~were~~ was laid off because of lack of work. As he meanwhile had got married he found it necessary to get work immediately. The only job available was one with the Tuna fish canneries. Although the work was not to his liking he had to have a job immediatlely so he kept it. He claims after seeing the fish prepared for canning that he will never touch fish--especially canned Tuna.

While still working at the cannery he applied for a job with the P.G. and E. He received the job but found it necessary to work in Oalkland so he moved his family there to help keep expenses down. He held this job for five years until 1930. He was laid off not for inefficiency but rather because of lack of work.

With alittle money he had saved he invested in a grocery store in the Mexican ditrict. The store is located at corner of Hearst Ave and 7th St. For two years he made a pretty fair living , but recently conditions have gone from bad to worse. If he does any business it is all on credit and his class of trade would not pay for it if they could--especially now they cannot even hope to pay part of their bills. He is willing to sell the store to the first buyer regardless of price.

He plans on selling the grocery store and going prospecting. He feels that this is the only paying occupation at the present time open to him.

When first I met this gnetleman he absolutely refused to tell me anything, in fact he was as surly as if I was only a more credit customer--and that is very bad treatment in his store as I observed during my visit.

However when I divulged that I thought the profit system and Herbert Hoover were both ultimately headed for the scrap heap if this country were to exist, he looked on me a little more tolerantly. He firmly endorsed Mr. Roosevelts plans as well as heartly condemning the present profit motive in business. Evidently he had failed to see President Roosevelt's endorsement of the profit system as a necessary evil in our economic life. However I thought it best not to remind him of it.

When I mentioned that I had spent some time above Angels ~~Camp~~ Resort (North of Wh...)

he was quite sure that he had found a kindred spirit. He was very interested in mining but had a very unique idea of it garnered from reading fictional text books and newspaper reports. His methods were so utterly impossible that there uniqueness made them interesting.

He also confided to me that he was planning on leaving his wife and child behind and probably sending for them as soon as his mine was sufficiently productive. Fearful of being a means of breaking up a happy family I immediately withdraw any mining sugestions in favor of a good stable, reliable, grocery store

.....

It was only through discussion of this type that I was able to gain any information about himself and all the testimony was given with an attempt to evade the entire issue.

Mr.Perez was born in Jemena de la Frontera,Province of Andalusia,Spain in the year of 1880,of parents ~~of what~~ we would term"middle class".His Father was a merchant,dealing mostly in Silk,Satin and Cloth(suiting),

The maternal Grandfather was a Rancher while the other grandparent operated a coach and carriage-building shop where the most profitable trade came from the building of elaborate Coaches for the wealthier class and for the Nobility.

Mr.P.says that because of the need for money ~~that~~ most of the fathers in his community placed their sons for apprenticeship under a master,whose trade appealed to the parent,with out regard to the taste or preferment of the child.This,he pointed out,often resulted in producing a mediocre craftsman,dissatisfied through life with his trade ;~~or at~~ the end of a few years the young man would deliberately change his trade to one of his own choice but necessarily at a great economic loss.

Mr.P attended a Public School until he was eleven years of age and at that time his parents decided it was time to place him under some master.

He was first apprenticed to a Harness-maker,and not liking that,to a Shoemaker. Liking neither of these trades he persuaded his father to place him under a Cabinet Maker and feeling that this was really his work he entered into it whole-heartedly.

While learning the trade he was allowed to go to a private school where in addition to his Spanish he was taught in both the Italian and the English languages.English because of his close proximity to Gibralter and that a considerable number of the local employers were English. About 25,000 Spaniards daily crossed ~~the~~ the line to work at Gibralter,returning home at night.

Mr.P.after serving his apprenticeship worked at Gibralter and in Morocco and at 18 went to the Canary Islands. Later he went to Cape Town for a number of years and shortly after the San Francisco fire he started for America with about $7,000. savings. He was urged on by banners and

placards displayed in South ~~XXXXXX~~ Africa announcing that plenty of work could be had in San Francisco at from $15.00 to $20,00 per day and on a long-term contract. Similar signs were seen in Australia, where he stopped for a few months.

He arrived in San Francisco in 1907 and he says that from that time until 1930 he was steadily employed and worked for but four employers.

He was married about 1912 in San Jose to a woman who had but recently arrived from Bilbao, Spain, her birthplace.

They are buying their home and Mr.P. has about $1200.00 worth of tools.

They have five children and are endeavoring to properly educate them.

The oldest, a girl, has graduated from High School, the next two boys are in High School and the two younger in Elementary. All have musical talent and the two older boys are exceptionally clever in architectural draughting.

Mr.P. insists that all of his children speak Spanish fluently as he feels that with our expanding trade relations with South America ~~that~~ those people ~~xxxxx~~ thoroughly conversant with the Spanish language and customs will be the ones to profit most.

He also feels there is a tendency to slight the study of commercial languages in the schools of today, the idea being to allow the study of these languages only by those who because of their greater means are enabled to secure a higher education and thus leave the control of our Commerce in the hands of our "Elect "

Although Mr.P. has been forced to ask for aid for the last two years his unemployment has bred no feeling of discontent with this country or its Government and he has no remedy to offer for our present troubles.

He says he merely wants a " Master "who, as in the days of his apprenticeship, supplied him with work to do and paid him for it.

He wants his children to have the best education he can possibly give them and wants them to have free choice of their trades or professions.

Bruce Gentry
1138 Filbert St.

Subject is 33 years old, born in Spain. His father was a fisherman and came here, bringing his wife and two sons, in 1920, to fish out of San Francisco. The subject's first job was in a cannery, where he worked two years and about which he had little else to say other than that it was " a hell of a job. They worked you as hard as they could and you got about one fourth as much as the work was worth. Then if you didn't watch them they'd try to cheat you out of that." Then he was prize-fighter and printing pressman. Now gambler and bouncer in a beer joint because he cannot find work in the printing trade. Did not go to school in this country and his fluency in English comes mostly from the spoken word, though he claims to have learned to read English by his own efforts. He is unmarried.

... ...

I was born in Spain and I'm not a citizen so I can't vote. It don't make any difference who's elected anyway. The guys who have been running the state have messed it all up and maybe if Sinclair got in he'd make a different kind of mess that would be better. It wouldn't have to be very good. They call Sinclair a radical, but that don't make any difference. If he is elected all he can do is put a lot of crooks out of business. And these crooks don't want him elected because if the other guy gets back in they can go on with their crooked game.

I'm a gambler but I don't run a crooked game. I don't let anyone else be crooked in my house, either. And they all know it

so I don't often have any trouble.

The last time was more than six months ago. A guy tried to deal crooked in here. Friendly game, too, like they always are. When I saw him I wasn't really dead sure, but I called him anyway -- in a nice way -- and he got mad. I wasn't in the game. He said,"You're not in the game. Outsiders ought to keep their mouths shut." So then I knew for sure he was playing crooked. I told him I was running the house and everybody had to be straight or get out. No/funny business. He got up and threw the cards all over the table and the floor and said he'd stay until somebody big enough to put him out came along.

The old man here, he's pretty old. He can't bounce 'em, so I do it -- like I had to do this guy. When they get mad like that you have to bounce them out, even if it's a good customer. Sometimes, if they are any good, they forget it and come back again and be decent afterwards.

This guy was big. But that don't make any difference. Some guys throw them out. I knock 'em down first and then throw them out. It's easier. I only hit him twice. Once to push him off balance and then I knocked him down. I learned that in fighting.

I used to fight -- prizefight -- all the time, all over the state. I had a good manager when I started out. I had my first fight over at Sacramento about eight or nine years ago. It was easy -- too easy. I knocked the guy out in forty seconds. But that wasn't any good for the crowd. Too fast. You got to give them a long battle or they don't think they get their money's worth.

Next fight my manager matched me with a tough Greek. He was short but awful fast and that was about the worst fight I ever had. Bloody! We both had blood all over us. Both got mad and the Greek tried to bite me.I hammered him all over and he just took it. I took plenty too, but I got the decision. I was still mad though after the fight and if I could have had a chance I would have gone at him again.

There wasn't much money in it. ~~though.~~ My manager quit me and then it wasn't steady. I went down south to L A and San Berdoo a couple of times. I got a crazy notion to go to Mexico once when I was in L A, but I never went.

I got a job down there in a printing shop. I learned a lot about printing. I could run automatic presses and a platin press; do color work, embossing, and all that stuff. The pay was steady and better than fighting. I worked here in San Francisco for two years in one shop as a printer.

But there are'nt no more jobs in printing. I used to be able to get one anytime, so I used to quit a job for a while sometimes to go out for a few fights. Now you can't do that. You can't even find a job and if you do there are always a half a dozen other guys there for it already.

I've got a pretty good job here. It doesn't pay much, but sometimes I make a little on the lottery. I hit over a hundred dollars once. A guy up the street hit nine hundred dollars last week. He's got a wife and six kids, too.

The old man here, he knows the saloon business pretty good. Keeps a clean joint -- no women and no drunks. Most of the fellows here never drink anything but wine or beer. They like gambling. We play ace-away for two or three cents, mostly. No big games. Nobody

has much money any more. Nobody ever loses more than fourbits or a dollar at a time-- sometimes they win three or four dollars. I gamble all day every day. Play anything. I like it. I never lose much, never win much. I just like to gamble. I bring the old man lots of trade. That's why he keeps me on. The boys stick around and watch and gamble, and sometimes they buy a few drinks.

I don't drink a dozen glasses of beer a week, myself. I never drink wine. My father liked it. He always had a keg of wine on his boat instead of drinking-water. He was a fisherman. He fished out of here for over ten years -- until he died.

Now there's just my mother, and my brother and his wife. They all live together. I give my mother some money sometimes, to help out.

Edward S. Springer

SPANISH

"I was born in Cadiz, Spain, in 1908. To tell you the truth, that's all I know about Spain, except what I have heard and read. Perhaps you know more about the country than I do. I hear it is a grand and glorious place, and someday - yes, someday, if I ever get the money I certainly do want to visit there and see my birth-place. Here I am a real Spainard more or less and I'd be like a fish out of water over there--probably be hissed at like a lot of other American tourists, eh? Well, it is'nt my fault that I do'nt know anything about my own birth-place. Just a question of not remembering. You see I was just a year old when my Father and Mother and my two brothers landed in New York. As I understand it, we did not stay in New York at all. My Father had heard a lot about making big money in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania and some way or other was advised in New York to go to Sunbury, Pa. where the Reading Railroad had large mines. Accordingly, he took us to Reading where the offices were and he was sent to a little place near Sunbury called Girardville. Girardville, Pa., is where I grew up. It is a little town of a few thousand people - a bleak, dreary and dirty place inhabitated almost exclusively by miners. The town is practically owned and controlled by the Reading Railroad.

Throughout the course of time, my Father learned to be a coal miner and to this date has filled about every job there was in the mines. There were no Spanish people in Girardville. Mostly all Irish, Polish and Lithuanian. Quite a few Slavs too. The type of Irish I grew up with were not the high type either. Enough said about that. I battled with them from the time I could walk. They called us Mexicans and "grease-balls" You know, there is not a drop of blood in my veins that is not pure Castillian. You know how we are - very proud. We always were and always will be highly insulted when the term Mexican is thrown at us. That is why I like California. You Californians know real Spanish people and have as little use for Mexicans as I have. But anyway, to get on with what little story there is connected with my young life - I wo'nt bore you with personal enmities. Oh say, there is one little subject I would like to mention concerning the people of Girardville - you know that is where the famous Molly McGuires are. You look to me like you are Irish, I'll bet you know the history of the Molly McGuires. You're not and you do'nt, eh? Listen, if you ever want a really interesting story you either want to make a trip to Girardville or look up in History about the Mollys. You'l find plent of really blood-curdling stories there instead of a drab relation of a life such as mine which is completely devoid of sensationalism. The Mollys were and still are a clan - among the coal miners there are a lot of Irish and they have always had clans - yes, similiar to clans in Kentucky and Tongs among the Chinese. From what I gained from hearsay, the Molly McGuires were always the most bloodthirsty clan in Pennsylvania. Their power started to wane just as I was a boy. At one time they controlled polotics and everything that goes with it in the anthracite regions of Eastern Pennsylvania. They warred for years with other Irish clans and believe me, there was a heavy toll taken in lives. Most of their wars were started over trivial things and superstitions. I can only tell you of one actual experience I know of concerning them-- When I was eight years old and going to school, the McGuires were warring with the Dugan and three other clans. Old man Dugan who had been a vitrolic and much hated mine boss for years, was kneeling down to say his prayers one night - his house was dark - we lived two doors away - a terrific crash was heard - after the excitement we learned that there had been a group of men on his roof, a flat roof, and when he had crawled into bed

SPANISH

his roof trap door was opened and a huge stone or boulder was dropped on him. It killed him. Rioting started that night. Our house was bolted and believe me, we children shivered for hours. It was like a race riot going on outside. A real war. The Coal and Iron Police had been called immediately and in the morning a constabulary of Mounted State Police were on the job. They did'nt stop the rioting completely and the mines almost had to shut down in Girardville. God knows how many killings there were in the mountains during the next twenty-four hours, but it is still legend there that not one was accounted for, and many men were missing from time to time under mysterious circumstances. No one was ever convicted for the murder of old man Dugan. No one much cared except the State of Pennsylvania, and I do'nt think that they cared much. Great town, eh? In a way I feel sorry for those miners, tho. In good times you will see more expensive cars around those anthracite towns than you will in any section of America. Look at it this way, because this is the ~~KKKKK~~ truth. They spend their lives in those damned mines and there is no really enjoyable way to expend their wages. They live in squalid dirty company houses, dig coal in the day time and out of their ears and food at night. Educational facilities are not the very best that the State provides in other sections. Consequently, ignorance prevails. Education is the only thing that will erase superstition and superstition will never be erased from people in that section.

When I was fourteen years of age, my Father chose me as the one to be educated. I, somehow or other showed more signs of willingness to learn than my brothers, and he could afford to send only one to school. I was sent to the Christian Brothers school in Philadelphia. I completed high school there. Nothing of interest to tell you concerning my life in Philadelphia. Upon completing high school, I went home for a few months. I found my Father had quit the mine and was packing his family up to move. He could not stand it there any longer - he did'nt find a few years of insults, but when it came to a lifetime of it he decided to move. One of my brothers wanted to get married, so he stayed there and is still working in the mines. I feel sorry for him. The only pleasure he'll ever get out of life is an automobile. Someday, I know, he'll never come up out of that damned mine. I've been trying to get him out to California where the air is good and there are decent people. Anyway, my Father had quite a bit of money saved, so he moved to Wilks-Barre, Pa. where he went to work for the Planters Peanut Company. He is still working there and is a Foreman. He is very happy there, and he and my Mother are in good health. My Brother is also working there and is going to be married this spring. (My other brother) My Father gave me more money, and I went back to Philadelphia, and went to Girard College where I took a course in mechanical dentistry. I really had no good reason for coming to California. Just took a trip out here on an excursion and decided to stay here as I was offered a job in a much better equipped laboratory here than I was working in in Philadelphia.

I'm going to Wilks-Barre this summer on a trip, and if I do'nt convince my family they should come out here, I'll eat your hat on the court house steps. Say, have you a good dentist? You have--- well I have a friend just starting to practice and he's a good man. Justvtrying to drum up a little business for him. You'd better get out of here now, I'm working on a bridge and it's not the Golden Gate."

Born in Spain 60 years ago. He had a very good education of a gentleman. Finding conditions not to his liking, he decided to come to this country, where perhaps conditions would be better. He was then 20 years of age. For a while he taught Spanish and French in Mexico City. He wanted to come to California. As he had heard much of its climate.

He first came to San Francisco and taught a short time in private school. Later he worked on newspapers. At present he is living with his daughter, who is married and whose husband has a good position in San Francisco.

He was educated in music and played the piano.

Lecture III - -

Religion, one has even used ideas on this subject, so many of
-overs from all sorts of places and she herself does not real-
ize, that the worst of it, are little they are her own ideas.
On contrast it is easy for any one who has studied comparative
religions or beliefs to see this, but they at few have, and all these
which the people here stick so tenaciously to, are very old rooted
beliefs, which every act in their everyday life comes from, whether
they know it or not.

First it was Calvi, they came here with, tucked under their arm
instead of Mate, or Breeze, - that mean Catholicism crept in this
country, and it has gotten so a full hold on its people, through al-
-ready, the civil law and made it more a religious belief, so
to say to control its own people, but also to interfere in the
affairs of people who are not Catholics, do not realize this, and
it is law, for if it is not which has gone on the map
of the old lands of the Jews, these were the people from Judea, not
in Nazareth, they were a more cultured race and an Agricultural
people from over across the river Jordan, There now are again the
two more important sects who seem to dominate, and this is a very
bad of some trouble, there is so far cultured people.

Now in spite some truth is some good on her religion
(Christian) which comes from a real cause, for it
comes from a Science of Christianity which these few thinking people
started to study, and it found its root right in this soil, it never
was imported from somewhere else, nor does it belong to any other
country, it is spiritual all around the world, but other people
in other it useful too, so Europe, America, and also for part
of Asia can be original it will not be so here or for, it
is other beliefs could only least for alone in this, it is for
freedom, right to freedom, in such matters, I have also mind it.

V. Pearson.

March 10th

Esperanto America sounds as though she came from Spain, but she has lived all over Europe, in every country, her surname is Spanish but she is related not only to the Vespucci's of Florence and the Cabot's, the Columbus's of Christoval, Colon. The Washington's of England and the Lincoln's and many other well -known families, who have now been on American soil for some time.

Question

She has had quite a struggle since coming to this country, sex and national traits have been her biggest problems, in fact they get her into court at nearly every turn now, and even into many murder cases. There have been so many different sided natures merged into this one, her family tree has so many branches-and so much grafting has been done, it hardley looks like the same old trunk any more.

Besides flowering, the leaves have burst forth in brilliant greens, (none the same) though they ought to harmonize, yet they do not, at the same time she is bearing fruit and over and above all this, her hired man has decked her out with tiny lanterns for a Road Show, she is almost over-burdened, for the poor creature is still very young you know.

Her branches are hanging heavy with the different fruits-on one side, half in the sun and half in the shade are History (her life history) Geography (the fruit she grows through her vast domain) while on another branch, hanging heavily, is Economics--Satisfaction was beside her, but she dropped some time ago.

Then right up high on the very top of all, quite out of reach of the passerby or those who have made their home beside her (like Miss Canada, who is also very young, and might be led to flirt with Temptation) and also that old cousin Mexico who has not done so well of late; so she lovingly and jealously watches her prize fruit, the biggest and best of all, and she would let you eat her heart out, before she would give you her Gold. She is the only one who has gone in of late for cultivating this fruit and she hangs onto it with all her might, so much so, that it does not seem to do her much good, and she certainly does not get much joy out of it, she is so anxious about it all the time.

Down at her roots a lot of little off-shoots have sprung up, Jealousy, Hatred, Navy, Army, War, Poverty, an' quite a lot of others. Some day she will have them cut down, and destroyed, so that they will not take the strength from her roots or harm the trunk by encroaching on it, but up until the present she has not been much concerned about it; because such off-shoots as Poverty and Rebellion have been on the ground and seemed quite helpless, and then she held that dear fruit Gold so high, who could possibly touch it?

Yet mid-way between both of these has been another fruit Graft, this has worried her considerably, in fact has given her real concern, because when the wind blows, it almost touches Gold, in fact she thought she had seen it rub shoulders with it more than once, and this would not do, because Graft knows so many of those fruits which hang so low.

There was a time when she never believed in shipping wind-falls or over-ripe fruit, but now Economics is hanging so heavy, History and Geography remind you that thevare full-blown-so when the right wind blows, she packs and ships whatever she can, back home to Europe. She is not looking for any more of their kind, so it is of no concern to her if they do not carry well or rot en rout, she has sent them out as best she can.

The earth about her is packed down tight and needs spading up, and sweetening too; in time she will use the old method of [illegible] the [illegible] fruit, in [illegible] manner [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] way, but so far [illegible] of this.

I partly think it likely that we will [illegible] back home [illegible] Mother country, [illegible] feel the need of nourishing both History & Economics.

One never can tell, and now they have reconstructed the old homestead somewhat, at her suggestion, to suit the League of Nations.

S. S. Then the [illegible] of a [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] running through these articles; sometimes just the barest [illegible]
of it, and I perceive that even the regular [illegible] [illegible] from
making a mistake. (So this is my actual first [illegible]) but I have [illegible]
from life a bridge which covers from the 18th century future
to the present. ——— If I decide later to get
you over this bridge with me, (which I have clearly
built—) through my Gethsemane {"Gethsemane - definition - the material
reaching to the spiritual, (Science & Health by M. B. E.)"}
I may mail you another article merely to finish
the pattern which started with a thread. This is the
end of this Project for me — as you may know.
However I have in mind to carry out the aspirations
and hopes of Olive Schreiner, so I may keep it for
that U. P —

Interview with a Spaniard

by David D. Craig

733

Sex: Male

Born: Panoma, Spain - 1900

Native life in Spain:

The subject is the son of a poor laborer. He was forced to work at the age of six and some time later became a carter in a winery near Barcelona. Long hours and meager pay kept him from getting an education in the schools.

On holidays he spent his time with his fellow youthful workers practicing the art of bull-fighting in various empty lots. At the age of sixteen he was seriously gored by a bull and this accident kept him from becoming the famous toreador of his most cherished ambition.

Instead, he became a wine taster. Drinking wine from local and foreign vinyards proved easier than hard labor. He was "loaned out" by the Barcelona winery to other wine houses and at the age of twenty-one, he finished his apprenticeship and became a free lancer in his trade. He travelled over all of Spain and Southern Europe in this capacity.

Eventually he returned to Spain where he settled down to the operation of a sort of agency for the testing of wine.

In 1932 he came to the United States and took out his first papers. He now is attending one of the E.E.P. Schools in San Francisco.

David D. Craig

Interview with a Spaniard

by David D. Craig

Sex: Male

Born: Panoma, Spain - 1900

Native life in Spain:

The subject is the son of a poor laborer. He was forced to work at the age of six and some time later became a porter in a winery near Barcelona. Long hours and meager pay kept him from getting an education in the schools.

In holidays he spent his time with his fellow youthful workers practicing the art of bull-fighting in various ways. At the age of sixteen he was seriously gored by a bull and a resident kept him from becoming the famous toreador of his most cherished ambition.

Instead, he became a wine tester. Drinking wine from local and foreign vineyards proved greatly to his liking.

He was "loaned out" by the Barcelona winery to other wine houses and at the age of twenty-one, he finished his apprenticeship and became a free lancer in his trade. He travelled over all of Spain and southern Europe in this capacity.

Eventually he returned to Spain where he settled down to the operation of a sort of agency for the testing of wine.

In 1922 he came to the United States and took out his first papers. He now is extending one of the [illegible] schools in San Francisco.